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The Week

AGAIN the French are having a Cabinet crisis and, as we write, M. Daladier, who fell not long ago, has been asked by the President to form a new government. There is a strong chance that he will not be able to do so. The Chautemps Cabinet fell, not because a majority of the Chamber failed to support it, but because discontent and disturbance were so widespread that the deputies themselves had lost popular confidence and it was felt that a new deal and a strong hand were needed. The "affaire Stavisky," leading to royalist and Communist riots, was the immediate occasion of the crisis, but like other scandals famous in French history from Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace on, it was merely a dramatic climax for a progression of more fundamental difficulties. The foreign situation is acute, unemployment is heavy, the budget is out of balance, taxpayers are up in arms, and the great army of government employees has been forced, with bitter unwillingness, to accept a salary cut. The many factions in the Chamber and the rapid succession of governments which have failed to remedy affairs has deepened popular distrust in parliamentary government. It is even rumored that the government fears it could not rely on the army to put down menacing disturbances.

THE scandal that weakened the French government is melodramatic. One Stavisky, a Pole, engineered a coup back in 1926 which cost French investors some ten million francs. He was arrested. Promptly he drugged his guards, slipped his handcuffs, slugged some more guards (Why try to write detective fiction?) and vanished. But internal evidence, as it were, suggests that he kept quite a share of the loot; for a year or so later one Serge Alexandre appeared as a notable figure on the Bourse and the boulevards and every third person in France, from the Minister of Justice down, was entirely aware that Alexandre and Stavisky were the same charming person. Alexandre, indeed, appears to have been a man of genius. With political connivance he bought the municipal pawnshop in Bayonne and set to work to expand it. He started a campaign to sell pawnshop bonds and anyone who had not the cash to buy the bonds was welcome to pawn valuables in order to get it. Where only ten million francs had been involved in 1926, 200 million was the reward of Stavisky-Alexandre's improved technique. He was easily able to make away personally with most of the valuables pawned because the bonds never made the investors enough money to redeem their pledges. It was a closed circle. Eventually the bubble burst; Alexandre fled; was cornered by the police and killed himself. (So say the police. Others say that the police, under orders, murdered him to prevent his involving the political big shots.) So there is a Cabinet crisis in France, Daudet's absurd *camelots du roi* overturn the urinals and the kiosks of Paris while their bitter enemies the Communists fraternally riot in the Place de la Bastille. And for once the Paris police cannot easily suppress the riots because the demolished urinals and broken water carafes that litter the boulevards are wreckage cast up by a storm not of nonsense but of discontent.

TO THE outsider, the new German-Polish nonaggression pact appears, in the main, as a mutual promise that the contracting parties will live in

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peace with each other for the next ten years. In its present form it is just another Kellogg Pact, its structure being, in fact, based on that document. The real points at issue between the two countries are not even mentioned: the Corridor question (Danzig), Upper Silesia, the treatment of national minorities and trade relations. Both parties, nevertheless, register satisfaction over what they term a significant political event. For his Reichstag show on the first anniversary of the "National Revolution," Hitler badly needed a victory in foreign affairs. That he was able to come to an understanding with Poland without the help of the League of Nations after earlier efforts under its auspices had failed, adds luster to the occasion. Poland, on the other hand, was glad to make use of this Bismarck strategy of political reinsurance to make itself somewhat more independent of French domination. Paul Boncour's noncommittal comments and the censoriousness of the French press are excellent barometers of sentiment in Paris. The adoption of Poland's new Constitution and the probable return of Pilsudski to political life have convinced the French that Franco-Polish relations are not what they used to be. On what side will the Poles fight in that next war which everybody is now expecting? Will they be for or against Germany, will they attack or defend the Soviet Union? These are the real questions on which this pact may cast light.

THERE is a sardonic humor characteristic of Nazi tactics in the fact that the Hitler government chose the seventy-fifth birthday of the ex-Kaiser to lay the heavy hand of Nazi dictatorship once more on the German Nationalists. A "Kaiser's Geburtstag" festival arranged by the German Officers' League, than which there is nothing more feudal in Germany, attended by generals and other high military dignitaries, active and retired, in full regalia, was raided by a gang of hoodlums who threw stink-bombs into the illustrious gathering. Thereupon the police and the Storm Troopers appeared and formally dissolved the meeting. That the assault interrupted an enthusiastic panegyric on the Chancellor adds piquancy to the affair. But this occurrence must not be interpreted as an isolated event. It is one incident in the consistent anti-monarchist campaign that the Nazi government has been waging for the last few weeks. With the possible exception of the Catholic Church, the German Nationalists are the only remaining group in Germany that still dares to show opposition, under various more or less obvious guises, against the regime. In the first few months of the Hitler chancellorship they fanned the smoldering resentment of the peasants into flame. The revolt of the Lutheran clergy had its origin in the strongholds of these old-time conservatives, and it was easy to detect the fine hand of Hugenberg and his followers behind the sudden flare of enthusiasm for Wilhelm II. But Hitler is determined to have it out with these reactionaries. Not that he objects to monarchism, but it must be a monarchy of Nazi choosing. The granting to Reich Bishop Müller of dictatorial power over the Lutheran Church and clergy shows that Hitler now feels no need of compromising with his adversaries.

NEPTUNE'S trident is undoubtedly the symbol of the Navy this year. By three routes—or perhaps we should be so nautical as to say tacks or courses, or again, to recur to the trident, by three prongs to prick the taxpayer—the Navy is bent on tapping the Treasury. First there is the innocuous regular naval bill calling for the appropriation of a mere $285 million for the construction of only twenty ships. How can the steel companies and the shipyards prosper on that? They can't, it seems, because the second prong of the trident is promptly brought into play. The P.W.A. is called upon to lend the Navy $238 million more, this time for thirty-two ships. Now we are getting somewhere: over $500 million for new ships. But there is even more in sight. Comes the Vinson bill calling for an appropriation of $1,000 million to rebuild almost the entire navy. It is so outrageous that it hardly seems to call for discussion. One can scarcely believe that even Representative Vinson and the steel and shipyard men in the background seriously dream of passing such a bill. The important question is the P.W.A. loan. In the first place it is a piece of dishonest subterfuge. There is no earthly call for the Navy to "borrow" money. Warships are not self-supporting, amortizing operations. The "loan" from the P.W.A. is a disguised appropriation, since the full loan will come out of the taxpayer in the end. The P.W.A. was designed as a recovery step. No one can deny that shipyards and steel mills give employment, but the same amount spent on public housing, for instance, will employ more men, will leave socially useful, income-producing property, and will not constitute a disguised swindle of the taxpayers. Neither will it constitute a menace to the peace of the world.

DURING the depression we have not heard a great deal on the perennial subject of academic freedom in the United States, and on the whole this is a bad sign. The absence of discussion has not meant that freedom was well established, but that, at a time when colleges and other educational institutions were dismissing members of the faculty right and left, and slashing the salaries of those who remained—in many cases with cruel discrimination against the younger men, whose salaries were already the smallest—victims of injustice have not dared to complain. It may be significant that cases involving academic freedom are again beginning to obtain public notice. We referred recently to the situation at Rollins College, where the president and board of trustees acted in high-handed fashion toward a group of the faculty guilty of nothing except "disloyalty" toward a presidential policy of which they could not conscientiously approve. This week we call attention to a situation similar in prin-

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ciple, but widely different in detail—that of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The trustees of this institution recently got rid of its president, Dr. Karl T. Waugh, in the most cavalier manner, without making any definite complaint against him or giving him a chance to defend himself. By so doing, they have inexcusably damaged the reputation of an educator with an excellent record, whose policies as president had been popular with the overwhelming majority of students and faculty. The real truth seems to be that Dr. Waugh was in touch with, and responsive to, the progressive educational currents of the day and the board of trustees was as conservative as it was ignorant of what is going on in the educational world.

BELIEVING that the dismissal of Dr. Waugh was a matter of legitimate public interest, The New Republic addressed letters of inquiry to the new president and to the chairman of the board of trustees, asking them for a statement of the reasons for this action. We have received replies from both these gentlemen which, in effect, say that the public has no right to inquire into this matter. They hide behind the technicality that Dr. Waugh resigned voluntarily, though in fact his offer of a resignation was the customary formal offer to be expected when a college president sees that his board is out of sympathy with him. The Dickinson trustees, and the new president, agree with their "opposite numbers" at Rollins: a college may hire and fire members of the faculty, or administrative officers, at its own discretion, without accounting to anyone. Yet it ought to go without saying that no institution conducted on such lines can give an education worthy of the name.

AFTER defying first the Philadelphia Regional Labor Board and then the National Labor Board, Edward G. Budd, head of the automobile-body company bearing his name, has now informed the National Compliance Board that he is still determined not to deal with the A.F. of L. federal union which his employees joined last September. Likewise, he refuses to reëmploy about one thousand workers in the Budd plants who went on strike last November. Testifying before the Compliance Board last week, he declared that his company finds "no provision in the law purporting to require the recognition by an employer of a labor union in collective bargaining, nor anything which precludes him from refusing to employ particular men or to refuse to reëmploy any who have left its employ in an attempt to coerce it into acceding to their unwarranted demands." As we have noted previously, Mr. Budd refuses to hold an election, supervised by the N.R.A., to determine whom his employees desire to represent them in collective bargaining. Thus the Budd case now presents a clear challenge to the N.R.A. Since all efforts at arbitration have failed, only court action remains—if the collective-bargaining provisions of Section 7a are to be enforced. On this point, however, the Compliance Board seems most reluctant to proceed. For the Budd hearing was adjourned by Chairman William H. Davis without any decision, without fixing any date for reconvening, without even suggesting any procedure for satisfying the complaints of the workers.

WHILE the United Mine Workers, the largest mass organization of American labor, were holding their thirty-third national convention in Indianapolis, two significant revolts were in progress against the union leadership. The first revolt was on the floor of the convention. It took the form of two resolutions, one requiring that every official of the union who was defeated in an election should go to work as a miner for at least a year before being elected to any other office, and the second demanding that all officials of the union be elected, instead of being appointed by John L. Lewis, the president. This would mean a drastic change in the leadership of the U.M.W., since appointed officials are now ruling twenty-six of the thirty districts in which the union is organized. The other revolt against Lewis was taking place in the anthracite coal fields around Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in District 1 of the U.M.W., the oldest and formerly the best organized of all the districts. The miners there became convinced that the union was being used merely to provide soft jobs for its officials. Month by month the coal operators whittled away at their pay checks, until a miner after two weeks' work might be given the statement that he had earned $99, with deductions amounting to $98.99, so that his total pay for two weeks' work was one cent—this is an actual case. A new organization was formed, the Anthracite Miners' Union, and the district went on strike. But the National Labor Board has outlawed the strike after appointing an arbitration board consisting of three coal operators and three officials of the U.M.W.—exactly as if a board consisting of three wolves and three coyotes had been appointed to arbitrate a strike of the sheep against being eaten.

THESE two revolts—in Indianapolis and in Wilkes-Barre—are the latest in a long series. Twelve years ago John L. Lewis hoped to be elected president of the American Federation of Labor. His ambitions were in fact frustrated by two of his own district leaders, Alexander Howatt in Kansas and Frank Farrington in Illinois. He later outlawed the strikes which occurred in Howatt's and Farrington's districts—in revenge, it was charged. There were also revolts against Lewis in Kentucky, in Illinois and in West Virginia, which resulted in the formation of new unions. The U.M.W. itself, largely as a result of the distrust of the rank-and-file members for the leadership, dwindled down until, by 1932, it was only a skeleton organization. During the last year it has grown and prospered as a result of the N.R.A. and of the position that Lewis has made for himself in Wash-

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ington. He is coöperating enthusiastically with government officials and with coal operators, even to the extent of preventing, outlawing and eventually breaking the strikes to which members of his own union are driven by oppression and semi-starvation. To date every revolt against him has failed, in most cases because of the timidity or flat dishonesty of its leaders. But the spirit of revolt persists and grows among the rank and file. In the long run, one of two things must happen—the U.M.W. will choose a new leadership that represents the interests of its members, or this powerful union will once more be deserted by the miners and dwindle into a clique of strikebreaking politicians.

WE HAVE received from Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau a letter objecting to the statement in The New Republic of January 24 that "Professor Groves is the tax expert appointed by the President but dismissed by Mr. Morgenthau," and also, in another place in the same issue, that he was "appointed chief tax adviser to the Treasury." Mr. Morgenthau writes, "Professor Groves, although under consideration for appointment in the Treasury by my predecessor, was never officially appointed. He was not appointed by the President, nor, so far as I know, was there ever any suggestion of his appointment by the President. Nor was he under consideration as chief tax adviser to the Treasury Department, but, so far as I know, as consulting economist on taxation." Mr. Morgenthau states that the proposed appointment was forwarded to the Civil Service Commission for its approval shortly before Mr. Morgenthau assumed office as Under-Secretary, and this body disapproved the appointment. In addition, he objects to our statement that Professor Groves was "inexplicably dropped," both on the ground that he was not dropped, and that the failure to appoint him was explained.

WE HAVE consulted the back files of The New York Times, The Herald Tribune and The New Republic in order to refresh our memory on these matters. There we find the statement that the President announced the appointment of Professor Groves and of Mr. Morgenthau at the same time. It was therefore a natural mistake to suppose that Mr. Groves had been appointed, and appointed by the President. The "official appointment" could not come until the Civil Service Commission had passed upon the recommendation, but we were using the word in the common and unofficial sense. We are unaware of the precise difference between "chief tax adviser" and "consulting economist on taxation"; in any event there is no other economist whose principal duty is to advise on taxation and who is superior to the person given the post originally intended for Mr. Groves. In regard to the disapproval of the proposed appointment by the Civil Service Commission, this has no real bearing on the failure to appoint Mr. Groves, because there are many appointees who do not techincally qualify for civil-service jobs, and Mr. Groves could have been put on a pay roll not subject to the civil service. The explanation of the change of consultants offered to the press by Mr. Morgenthau was, "I thought I should rather have someone of my own choosing." Mr. Morgenthau also is reported as saying that Professor Magill is "generally recognized as the outstanding man on taxation in the United States." Professor Groves, of course, had submitted no program when his informal, unofficial appointment was canceled; he had had no time to do so. The sort of thing he would suggest was fairly well known from his association with the progressive tax program in Wisconsin, and doubtless accounted for the original intention to appoint him. We do not know whether Mr. Magill's suggestions will differ from those made by Mr. Groves in his series now running in The New Republic.

Prepare for Peace!

JOSEF STALIN, in his speech to his All-Union Communist Party Congress in Moscow, struck one note which must have reverberations all over the world. There is grave danger, he said, that the capitalist nations will attempt to solve their problems by imperialist war. The world is now dominated by fears and anticipations of war to an extent unknown since 1913; the recognition of what was likely to come was not so widespread even then. In the shadow of this possibility all other happenings are darkened. It is by far the most important event that could occur, and anyone who is in the least concerned with the problems of state anywhere ought to keep in mind precisely what the danger is and where it may arise.

Many in the rest of the world would not phrase their fear precisely as Stalin did. They would not regard war as an attempt to escape from otherwise insoluble contradictions of capitalism. They would speak rather of insane ambitions of a military and feudal caste in Japan, of the spirit of *revanche* in Germany led by the ruthless Hitler, of the failure of disarmament conferences and of attempts to reduce tariff barriers and other trade restrictions. These are, indeed, important parts of the picture. But economic and social forces give the militarists, the mystics and the exclusive nationalists their chance. One does not need to imagine a conscious plot of capitalists to divert peoples from their domestic miseries by the madness of war in order to see that, in a broad sense, the ills of capitalism do drive nations, unconsciously if not consciously, toward this "escape"—an escape which in the end will prove a *cul-de-sac*.

The most immediate danger now appears to be in the Far East. Japan has subdued Manchuria and a large part of northern China; she is pushing into Mongolia. It is known that the eventual program of her military is to seize the maritime

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provinces of the Soviet Union and a large part of eastern Siberia—probably as far west as Lake Baikal. No war will arise if she does not push this ambition at present, for although Russia has interests in Manchuria, notably a half-ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and has not been able to agree with Japan upon a price for which this is to be sold, she will not fight over any such issue. Her desire for peace is genuine and strong, but not strong enough to submit to conquest of territory now part of the Soviet Union. She has made this abundantly clear. If Japan chooses further aggression, she chooses war with a first-class power. Her choice may be already made, but if it is still hanging in the balance, the factors of judgment appear to concern rather when to strike than whether to strike. One military opinion is that she should wait until she has consolidated her gains in Manchuria and completed her new army program. The other is that she should strike now, before Russia has had time to build more steel mills, railroads and other industrial bases for modern war. If Japan waits, there is a possibility that war may never come; her political complexion may change and the Soviets may grow too strong. If Japan does not wait, the next world war will begin this spring.

The next danger point is Germany. It is clear that Hitler's whole program is oriented toward future war. One can also infer from what he said before his accession to power, and from his actions since then, that he looks toward "rectification" of Germany's frontiers in the East rather than in the West, at least first of all. He is scarcely mad enough to want to take on at once, and all over again, the very same powers that formerly composed the Entente. Therefore he is seeking to make a friend of Italy, to placate France and England. From them he needs assurance that he can rearm and prepare to his heart's content without preventive military action on their part. But France is firmly intent on protecting Poland and Austria, for the very selfish reason that she does not want Germany to become powerful enough to attack her in the future.

Will Hitler therefore attempt to detach Poland from the French orbit, and will he succeed? There have been well authenticated rumors that he has sought concessions from Poland on the basis of supporting her in an effort to conquer half of the Ukraine. If he can also maneuver a Nazi victory in Austria without Italian and French intervention, he will have regained a former ally. Hitler is playing a delicate game; and in any case he does not want to fight until he has had time to prepare. But there is a strong likelihood that if the Soviet Union becomes heavily involved with Japan in the East, Germany and perhaps other nations will attack her in the West. Hitler eventually will be driven to war both by the spirit he is building up at home and by his incapacity to solve Germany's economic problem by any program he has undertaken which does not involve the conquest of new territory.

Mussolini is of course taking advantage of the disturbed situation to raise the fortunes of nationalist Italy. He also is playing a shrewd game, attempting to be mediator without making commitments to anyone. If hostilities arise, he will be in a position to sell out to the highest bidder, or to seek conquest at the expense of the weaker party.

To suppose that France would long remain outside a war of this sort is to suppose a miracle. Hitler may be successful in gaining her consent to rearm, but his utmost efforts could scarcely keep her quiet while he wins all he wants in the East and in Central Europe and thus strengthens Germany sufficiently to regain what she has lost in the West.

And what of Great Britain? Would her interests in the Far East swing her to the side of Japan? The Conservatives who are now in power would certainly hesitate long before making common cause with Soviet Russia. There is already enough nascent fascism in Britain to make it distinctly possible that she would be drawn in with Germany. But what is more likely is that she would remain, at least for a time, in a position of benevolent neutrality, selling goods to both Japan and Germany, which together would be able to shut off most of the imports to Russia.

The United States does not now want war any more than she did before 1917. In spite of friction between Japan and this country, we have no interests to protect in Asia sufficient to be worth fighting for. It would be difficult in any event to fight at arm's length across the Pacific; neither power could invade the other, and either navy would lose a large part of its efficiency if it attempted to fight on the other's shores. As before, our involvement, if it came, would come by way of the interference of the belligerents with sea-borne commerce. Much depends, therefore, on the attitude of Great Britain. If she remained neutral, our chance of being neutral would be greatly increased. Even so, there is the possibility that both powers would be drawn in over the question of "freedom of the seas."

All this sounds like a bad dream. What is the use of such lugubrious speculation? It may never happen anyway, and history, always unforeseeable in detail, may produce an utterly different outcome. The use is, however, frankly to face the worst in the hope of preventing it if possible. And the only hope of preventing it is to make this way of escape seem less attractive to the peoples of the world by solving or getting rid of the contradictions of capitalism. If the growth of fascism and its handmaiden militant nationalism can be checked; if an economic society can be constructed in which the potential plenty now at our doors can be used to satisfy the legitimate wants of peoples, if an effort to meet the material needs of the various populations can give rise to pressure for more peaceful trade, as it has in the case of Russia, rather than for more empty conquest, the danger of war can be reduced to the vanishing point. The way to avoid war is to prepare for peace.

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Against Craft Unionism

A SIGNIFICANT and hopeful sign on the American labor scene is the revolt of the federal labor unions within the American Federation of Labor against the latter's outworn craft form of organization. At a conference held in Washington on January 23, delegates authorized to speak for almost one hundred federal unions with a combined membership of about 250,000 showed a determination to retain their industrial form of organization that will give the die-hard labor officials in Washington something to think about. Key industries such as the automobile, aluminum, rubber, electrical, metal, radio, airplane manufacturing, chemical, glass and copper were represented.

When the A.F. of L. grasped the opportunity to organize under the National Industrial Recovery Act, these federal labor unions were the spearhead of its drive in the unorganized basic industries. They were local organizations, chartered directly by the American Federation. Because they take all workers in a given plant into their ranks, they cannot be affiliated with any of the existing international unions. Organizers had promised these unions that the Federation would make no later attempt to split their members among the old craft organizations, and on this basis the workers in many hitherto unorganized shops were persuaded to sign up. It is estimated that about one million new recruits came into the national federation via the federal unions; it has been generally conceded that an attempt to bring the workers in these industries directly into the craft unions would have failed.

Progressives in the unions, while rejoicing in this long delayed recognition of the need for new organizational tactics and machinery, were skeptical as to the permanence of this change of heart and waited for the Federation convention, held last October, to confirm the new policy. The convention straddled the question and decided to submit the issue to a future conference of the presidents of the international unions.

The Federation Executive Council later, however, is reputed to have violated the decision of its own convention with an attempt to divide several of the federal unions, and refused to issue new federal charters after several international unions had protested against the practice. In Massachusetts a group of General Electric workers was offered a charter on condition that all machinists be given to the International Association of Machinists. In Akron, Ohio, the leaders of a large Rubber Workers' Union were expelled by the local organizer for speaking in favor of industrial unionism. In South Philadelphia a union of Westinghouse workers was ordered to turn over its machinists and refused. It was this local union that sent out the call for federal unions to meet and plan joint action against dismemberment.

Their main resolution, submitted to a Federation conference, asked: (1) that federal charters again be issued and "aggressively continued" in mass-production industries; (2) that federal unions be neither separated nor segregated into craft unions but be held intact on industrial lines; (3) that a bureau be established within the A.F. of L. to aid the formation of industrial unions; (4) that where a sufficient number of federal unions to form a national association applies for a national charter, it be granted immediately by the A.F. of L. Executive Council.

The A.F. of L. answered inconclusively. A committee headed by Matthew Woll and dominated by such staunch craft unionists as Wharton of the Machinists and Tobin of the Teamsters brought in a report that recommended the "fullest possible latitude . . . in the granting of federal charters," but pointed out that "whenever a temporary infraction of the rights of national and international unions may be involved the Executive Council [should] adjust such difficulties in the spirit of taking full advantage of the immediate situation and with the ultimate recognition of the rights of all concerned." To the federal-union representatives this meant, in effect, that the Executive Council is ordered to divide up the federal unions when and wherever it can get away with it.

There is strong feeling among the federal organizations against compromise on the industrial-union issue. In a number of industries steps are being taken to form national associations of the federal unions. The radio workers, claiming 70,000 members, and the aluminum workers have already organized national councils to function as units in their industries. In the fields of electrical equipment, food and airplane manufacturing a similar development is taking place.

These national groupings are grimly determined to maintain their industrial integrity within the A.F. of L., and they may well form a bulwark against which the Federation will smash itself if it insists on maintaining a strict craft policy. It is certain that the longer the American Federation of Labor tries to evade the problem the more complicated and dangerous the situation will become.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Germany Prepares Fear

TIME: 11:30 any Sunday morning. Place: any large cinema theatre in Berlin. Occasion: *Luftschutzappel!* Posters are plastered all over the neighborhood billboards: "Nine Thousand Enemy Airplanes Menace Germany!" Outside on the walk a Storm Troop band, smartly attired in brown uniforms, plays military music. The Berlin burghers are present en masse—fat, well dressed and seemingly unfatigued by the church services from which many of them have just come. The crowd overflows the lobby and there are hundreds in the street who will be unable to obtain seats. Inside there is a stir of suppressed excitement, the anticipatory appreciation of promised thrills. As the curtains part, the air vibrates with the martial rhythm of bugles, trumpets and drums.

At length a smallish Storm Trooper appears behind the improvised pulpit, which is decorated with swastikas. He is a district leader of the brown army. He salutes, repeats with solemn emphasis the current slogans of the Reichsluftschutzbund (The National Air Defense Society), "Air protection is self-protection!" "Air protection is the need of the hour!" "Air protection is a national duty!" etc. Then he introduces the lecturer. The latter is a war veteran, another Storm Trooper, a major, an oldish, thundering man with thin lips, gray hair, a belted paunch and bowed legs in leather knee-boots. He clicks his heels, salutes and bellows, "Heil Hitler!" The audience responds as one man with a salute and an answering "Heil!" He begins:

The next war will be won in the air and on the home front. Let us not forget that the last war was not lost on the battlefield. The civilians lost their nerve and the army was stabbed in the back by the Jewish-Marxist traitors. If we had held out only two months more, we should have had a very different peace. In the next war civilian morale will be even more decisive. The enemy will seek to paralyze the home front by means of air raids. Treaties? Does anyone expect treaties to be observed in war? League of Nations? The Geneva Disarmament Comedy? Protection against air raids is not to be improvised on short notice. The need is for action *now*. The need is for action by *civilians*, by the whole population, by everybody—especially by women, for women's services are particularly important in air defense.

What is the danger we face? France has 4,500 military planes, Belgium 400, Czechoslovakia 950, Poland 1,000. Within two hours enemy bombers can reach any city in the Reich from the frontiers! There are no longer just a few border cities. Berlin itself is a border city. Planes from Posen or Prague can reach Berlin in an hour! Germany's strategic situation is appalling.

What is to be done? First, against explosive bombs: These are highly destructive only to upper stories of buildings and to people in crowds. When the alarm is given, all market places, streets, tramways, schools, theatres, factories, etc., must be evacuated promptly. The population must take refuge in bombproof basements. Second, gas bombs: The refuge cellars must be gasproof. The sanitary and hospital corps, the police and fire brigades, will be equipped with gas masks. If possible, everyone should obtain a gas mask. Third, incendiary bombs: These are most dangerous and difficult to combat, for they are small and each plane can carry several hundred. Forty percent of such bombs dumped on a city will land on roofs and within a few seconds will generate intense heat. No fire department can cope with this menace. Only disciplined civilian self-help will suffice. The necessary work is already under way. All attics are being cleared of inflammable rubbish. Basements are already being cleared out and equipped with reinforced ceilings and first-aid stations. Every house must have a roof-watcher who will be responsible for attic service when the alarm is given.

This task (the major is concluding with patriotic flourishes) is a peculiar responsibility of the National Socialist movement. It is "national" because it concerns the defense of the Fatherland against its enemies. It is "social" because it concerns the entire community: bombs will fall with complete impartiality on rich and poor, employers and workers, Aryans and—yes, even on Jews! (Titters) All must help! Save the Fatherland! Join the Luftschutzbund!

Vigorous applause. The band plays. Intermission. Young men pass out membership cards and sell pamphlets. Young ladies collect money in rattling tin boxes, shaped like air bombs. Lights fade and films are shown. The first picture shows United States Navy aerial maneuvers. There are bombing operations at sea. The lecturer points out that Germany is forbidden to have any of these beautiful aircraft carriers, these splendid bombing planes . . . Shame! The second film is the work of the Luftschutzbund. It has been taken in Dresden. It shows all the details of enemy attack and civilian defense in a most realistic, well staged bombing raid. Here are dynamite bombs, gas bombs, fire bombs, scurrying (but disciplined) civilians, safe attics, basement shelters, police, firemen and the Red Cross, all in gas masks, care of the wounded, reconstruction of shattered dwellings, preparations for the next raid. The major points out one error in the picture: People should walk, not run, to the shelters; running increases oxygen consumption and air in the shelters is precious. *Luftschutz tut Not!*

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The major has a final word. Let everyone understand that these preparations are *defensive* only. Germany threatens no one. But Germany is surrounded by enemies. Anyone who says that Germany is thinking of war belongs in an asylum or—pause—in the Oranienberg concentration camp. Cheers. "Heil Hitler!" The band strikes up the "Horst Wessel Lied" and the audience goes home to dinner. Several hundred more have been converted. Next Sunday there will be another lecture in the neighborhood. And perhaps on Wednesday or Thursday evening there will be an additional program in a near-by hall—for the ultra-neurotics who crave the stimulation of this vicarious *Schrecklichkeit* more than once a week.

In all of this the good German of the Third Reich perceives nothing incongruous or pathological. He has long since learned to relish, with earnestness and enthusiasm, many things that seem, to outsiders, perverse or tragic or indubitably mad. The curiously warped perspective, the distorted sense of values, that have long been the curse of German diplomacy are now obvious in all realms of German thought—especially thought on foreign policy and on what is quaintly called "defense." The patriotic German accepts as a matter of course the ceaseless reiteration in the Nazi press of the most vicious diatribes against the Jews, the French, the Poles, the Russians. He welcomes the public display and sale of the most monstrously perverted and sadistic anti-Semitic literature. Every day in every German city he cheers endless parades of troops and by scores and by hundreds he follows each parade through the streets. Despite official avowals of peaceful intent, the Nazi German glorifies war—in films, in plays, in books, in toys and, above all, in the new school histories—as it has probably never before been glorified in any land. Crowds of Berliners daily throng the war show, "Die Front," on Unter den Linden. "As It Really Was!" the signs announce. But there are no horrors within, only heroism, victories and graphic appeals for German rearmament. Lecturers lead crowds of schoolboys through the exhibits and fire their hearts with hero-tales. Their eyes glow with envy and admiration . . . and with hope.

The old militarism involved domination of civil authorities by the army. The new militarism involves almost universal civilian warrior-worship and civilian war-fanaticism, sponsored not by the Reichswehr but by the "civil" Nazi authorities. For reasons of internal policy and diplomatic expediency, the Nazi leaders have rejected the theory of the next war held by the Reichswehr High Command, *i.e.*, that it will be a contest between small, professional, highly mechanized field armies. Instead they preach incessantly the more heroic doctrine of a war between whole peoples. Their task was set for them years ago by Hitler: "The question of a restoration of German power is not a question of how to fabricate arms, but a question of how to create the spirit that makes a people capable of bearing arms. If this spirit dominates a people, the will finds a thousand ways to obtain weapons." To the creation of this spirit the present German leaders are devoting all their genius as propagandists and all that profound knowledge of German mob psychology which enabled them to obtain power. "War-mindedness," like "race-mindedness," is stimulated by high-pressure advertising and collective suggestion. Aviation is by no means the most important phase of modern war. But it is the most dramatic and the most terrifying to civilians. So it is upon air warfare that all public emphasis has been placed.

The Reichsluftschutzbund is the chief agency engaged in this work. It was established last spring by Prussian Minister-President Göring, former war ace and Nazi Minister of Air Transport. Its presidium is headed by Lieutenant-General Grimme and Major Waldschmidt. The Reich Minister of Communications, Dr. Krohne, is its first honorary member. Its membership is organized into fifteen *Landesgruppen* throughout the country and each of these is divided into a number of *Ortsgruppen*. Local police stations are everywhere used as recruiting offices for the Bund. Its work is supported by manufacturers of gas masks, chemicals and building materials who advertise their wares in its two periodicals, Der Reichsluftschutz and Deutsche Flugillustrierte. By lectures, films, posters, pictures, pamphlets, books, magazines, training schools, demonstrations and continuous advertising, it carries its message daily to the entire public. Sensational mock air raids have already been staged in Dresden, Munich and other cities. Last June the entire press carried dispatches about "enemy" planes over Berlin dropping Communist leaflets on the government buildings in Wilhelmstrasse. The next day a million posters screamed: "Germany must have planes!"

No one who has watched this work in progress can doubt that it is fully achieving its immediate objective of inculcating the assumption of violence, broadening and deepening the anticipation of war and stimulating quasi-military coöperation on the part of ultra-patriotic civilians. The comforting theory that a Fascist dictatorship will not dare to put arms into the hands of its subjects is quite untenable to anyone familiar with the extraordinary effectiveness of Nazi propaganda technique. A whole population has already been inoculated with blind devotion, mystic faith and fanatical, militant chauvinism. The work of psychological preparedness will, of course, extend over several years. During these same years (if France and her allies stand passively aside) material armaments will be secretly or openly increased to a point at which war can be risked. And when the hour strikes, the Germany that will march forth to battle will be more united and more effectively militarized than was the Germany of 1914.

Fantastic? Hear Hitler:

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Oppressed lands will not be led back into the bosom of the common Reich through flaming protests, but through a mighty sword. To forge this sword is the task of the internal political leadership of a people; to protect the forging and to seek allies in arms is the task of foreign policy.

One must be perfectly clear that the recovery of lost provinces is not achieved by solemn invocations of the beloved Lord, nor through pious hopes in a League of Nations, but only through armed violence.

Once more we want weapons! Yea—and such a peace treaty [as Versailles] can serve even this end. In the infinity of its oppression, in the shamelessness of its demands, lies the greatest propaganda weapon for the reawakening of the slumbering life-will of the nation. Then everything, from children's primers to the latest paper, every theatre, every cinema, every bulletin board and every empty fence-wall, will be placed in the service of this single great mission, until the fear-prayers of our present pseudo-patriots, "Lord, make us free!" will be changed, even in the brain of the smallest boy, to the glowing appeal: "Almighty God, bless our weapons for the future; be just as you have always been just; judge now whether we are worthy of freedom. Lord, bless our struggle!"

These guides to action are no longer the mouthings of a demagogue. They now represent the firm convictions and the united will of a great people. Hitler's vision of universal war-worship is now a reality. His subjects heard and heeded the tom-toms of "National Socialism" and gave themselves gladly to tyranny. They are now hearing the muffled roll of the war drums. In the coming "war of liberation" they will give themselves gladly to ruin and death, following the Third Reich's path to glory.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Berlin.

TWO POEMS FROM THE MODERN GREEK

Constantine Cavafy, who died last year, is a Greek from Alexandria who worked as a clerk in the government service; he was never a professional man of letters. He published no collection of poetry; all his poems are short, and he produced about one a year. He did not belong to the current Greek literary tradition, which is lyrical and eloquent; yet his prestige among the Greeks is tremendous. He was the head of the unrhetorical, almost prosaic, ironical school of poetry. His style, extremely difficult to render in translation, is characterized by rigorous compression and understatement; and his strength lies in his ability to combine detachment with intensity—as in the first of these poems, which, under an ancient mask, ironically suggests the background of modern movements such as primitivism and fascism. For the most part, he avoided the conventional techniques in meter and rhyme, and yet achieved musical effects by his delicate sense of the tonal value of words and of sentence structure.—R. D.

In Expectation of the Barbarians

What are we waiting for, convened in the agora?
The barbarians are to come today.

Why such inaction in the Council?
Why do the Councillors sit about and do not legislate?
Because the barbarians will arrive today.
So why should the Councillors pass laws any longer?
The barbarians, when they arrive, will attend to legislation.

Why did the Emperor rise so early?
Why does he sit at the city's biggest gate,
In the street, official, wearing the crown?

Because the barbarians will arrive today,
And the Emperor is waiting to receive
Their Chief. Moreover, he has ready a parchment
To give him. There he has inscribed for him
Many titles and names.

For what reason did our two proconsuls
And our agents go out today
Dressed in their embroidered togas, why
Do they wear their bracelets with so many amethysts
And rings with bright and glistening emeralds?

Because the barbarians will arrive today;
And they are bored by oratory and by speeches.

Why suddenly this anxiety and this commotion?
(How sober the faces have become!)
Why do the streets and squares quickly empty
And everybody is going home so very concerned?

Because it is night and the barbarians have not come.
And some people from the border have arrived
Who said that there are no barbarians any more.
And now what will become of us, without barbarians?
These men were a solution of a sort.

Thermopylae

Honor to those who while they live
Have set themselves Thermopylae to guard.
Never stirring from their pledge,
Just and level in all their acts,
And yet with tenderness as well, and with compassion;
Generous when they are rich and when
They are poor, generous still in little;
Rendering assistance still, as far as they can;
Declaring at all times the truth,
Yet without hate for those who utter lies.

And greater honor is their due
When they foresee—as many do foresee—
That Ephialtes will in the end appear
And the Medes will at the end pass through.

CONSTANTINE CAVAFY.
Translated by RAPHAEL DEMOS.

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Shorter Hours—Bigger Output

THE WHOLE "spread work" theory behind the shorter hours of the N.R.A. is open to grave doubts on one score at least. As a cure for unemployment it is dubious under even the most casual inspection, but under the careful probing of the industrial-psychology laboratory it turns out not only to be no cure for unemployment, but actually to carry grave possibility of increasing unemployment. It is possible, even likely, that the level of industrial production can be kept up, or bettered, with shorter hours per week and no increase in the number of employees. The error in the theory lies in the nature of fatigue and the curious patterns of speed and human adjustment in work. A short-lived fallacy tried early in the War, for instance, was the use of long hours in munitions plants. It was short-lived because records over a few months showed that total output was 19 percent greater on a fifty-five and a half hour week than on a sixty-six and seven-tenths hour week.

There is a limit set by nature on human work. Long hours simply defeat themselves by giving inadequate time for the sodium lactates, the "fatigue toxins," to be dissipated from the workers' muscles. Rest alone can accomplish this, and unless adequate rest is provided fatigue accumulates, not only from hour to hour, but from day to day, Tuesday's production dropping below Monday's, Wednesday's below Tuesday's, and so on through the week. And this process gathers momentum the further it is carried. This is the reason that overtime work is uneconomic, although some manufacturers never realize what is actually going on.

There is even a viciousness about occasional long hours. They stereotype work at a low level because the habits of manipulation or operation are slowed down by fatigue in one especially long spell, and this slowed rate is thereafter unconsciously adopted by the nervous organization as standard. The employee who has been working an eight-hour day and who, for merely one day, works twelve hours, has his hourly work rate, even when back again at eight hours, slowed down for several days. And, of course, it is this same habit of working at a certain speed which causes the slower rate of work to continue for quite a time, even when hours of work are shortened. The work habits of most people have been conditioned to a sub-par rate by a few long days or by a too long regular day. It is only after a week or two that the shortened hours, and consequent more complete fatigue recovery, make it possible for the new rate of working speed to show itself. And it should be borne in mind that these new work habits, with their increased production, are a natural expression of nature's powers themselves, unaided by any speeding up of machinery.

Through the early progress of the N.R.A., for instance, I have been in close touch with several manufacturers. Despite my academic assurances, they were pessimistic about shortened hours. They saw factory costs rising, and, actually, most of their plants' production did fall during the first weeks under shorter hours. But a recent check now shows that their hourly rate of production is better than when longer hours were worked. In some instances weekly production is greater than before.

The more cheerful attitude of the workers is not the sole cause of this gain in output, although that alone does give a boost to hourly production. The gain follows the shortened hours themselves and the consequent saving of fatigue. It takes place gradually, because of the time necessary to stereotype the new habits of work. In fact, so gradual may be the improvement that records must sometimes be carried for nearly a year before the full result of the change of hours shows itself. In one steel plant the hours of work on the smelters were reduced from twelve to eight. Even two months later there was scarcely a perceptible increase in hourly production. But thirteen months later, with the new habits of work fully adapted, smelter production in that mill had increased 18 percent. In a tinplate plant two months were needed for output to increase when hours were reduced from eight to six. And, significantly, hourly output dropped some time later when hours were raised from six to eight.

Many mistakenly assume that machine speeds alone determine hourly production. Essentially, this is not true. Even in so-called automatic spinning or laundry mangling it is less so than at first would appear, as I have shown in my book "The Psychology of Selecting Men." The skill and fatigue of the worker are still the bottle-neck of production.

What a ten-thousand-dollar "automatic" machine can ultimately do is set by a twenty-dollar-a-week worker. The worker, in truth, is perhaps more important than in the old handicraft days; for he is now working through a machine that does, let us say, the work of fifty men. As long hours slow him up, it is not just one man being slowed but the equivalent fifty men in the rods and gears of the machine. And not only is there a saving in labor costs when hours are lessened but also a saving in power, light, heat and in the reduction of spoiled work. Shorter hours also reduce absenteeism and accidents.

In the long run all these gains will be a pleasant pill for manufacturers, no matter how bitter

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they may have seemed at the start of the N.R.A. But there are limits of short working hours below which these economic gains are lost. A one-hour day would probably be highly extravagant, although it would provide work for greater numbers. The indications are that the optimum work week is between thirty and thirty-five hours worked over five days a week. And most codes provide for thirty-five to forty hours.

For years many manufacturers have been trying to make money by working employees longer and harder. Unwittingly they have been keeping production down. Driving simply increases fatigue and soldiering, and forces production costs, even though invisibly, upward. Now, willy nilly, this is to be reversed, has been in part reversed already. Employees themselves are noticing it. "I'd almost suspect the management of putting higher speed gears in the machine," one of them said to me.

That all this is an unquestionable long-term gain is really self-evident. There is nothing to be won from fatigue and long hours. But there is a present difficulty in the matter of unemployment. It begins to appear that there will be no real spreading of work under the shorter hours of the N.R.A. Human elasticity and new work patterns will step production back to the old level, or even higher, without increasing the number of men at work. There are, to be sure, some minor exceptions to this, retail-store employment, for example, where shortening the hours of the clerks has no perceptible effect on the amount of goods sold (nor, of course, are the hours shortened in the industries that suffered most from the depression—soft-coal mining, for instance), but the aggregate of industry will undoubtedly show an equal, possibly rising, production, with no increase in the number of employees. The difficulty comes squarely home to the N.R.A. and the administration. "Spread work" as a cure for unemployment is falling down. Something must be done to permit manufacturers to increase production. And there is only one such "something": increased consuming power.

DONALD A. LAIRD.

A Tax Policy for the United States

III. *The Tax Dilemma of the States*

FOR THE last ten years powerful interests in this country have been quietly working for a sales tax. Their position is summarized as follows by one of the Hearst papers: "When the Democratic party has the sincerity to be democratic, when it has the patriotism to be American, it will substitute excise taxation and sales taxation for undemocratic, un-American, discriminatory, income taxation with its crooked evasion and equally crooked enforcement." The American Bankers' Association Journal in a leading article not long ago sang the praises of the sales tax as follows: "The sales tax is the most effective, the most just and the most equitable of all taxes. Its adoption is only a question of time."

It will be recalled that the manufacturers' sales tax was presented to Congress in the spring of 1932 as the logical measure for removing the huge federal deficit. And it will be remembered that it brought forth such an avalanche of opposition both in and outside of Congress that the House voted it down 263 to 161. Following this defeat, it was thought by many that the decisive battle concerning this issue had been fought.

SPREAD OF THE STATE SALES TAX

Now it looks as if this country might have a sales tax after all, adopted not by the federal Congress, but by the legislatures of the various states. Some sixteen have already a general sales tax as part of their tax systems. Fifteen such laws were enacted during the depression and thirteen were passed during 1933 alone. Already Congress is being urged to relieve the states of a difficult administrative burden by enacting a federal sales-tax law with a return of 50 percent of the revenue to the states. The spread of the sales tax in this country has been compared with that of the gasoline tax, which came into general use within a period of two or three years and into universal use within a decade.

Why are the states accepting an instrument of taxation that Congress dropped like a red-hot coal? The answer is to be found in their experience during the depression. The property tax, which has always been the mainstay of the states, has lost its elasticity. As soon as the depression began, property owners entered a vigorous protest against the high fixed charge which the property tax exacted from them even when their property was unproductive. The states yielded to the taxpayers' demands, first, by decreasing assessments without changing tax rates, then by decreasing rates, and finally by recklessly imposing statutory and constitutional maximum rates beyond which municipalities could not levy on property.

The states as well as the federal government have had extraordinary expenditures to meet during this depression. Much of the time the states and their subdivisions have carried the full burden of relief. And even now the federal relief administration requires, as a condition of federal assistance,

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evidence of local effort to meet the cost of relief. Some states have interpreted this as a federal mandate to enact a sales tax.

The states could not greatly reduce their normal expenses without defaulting or seriously sacrificing standards in some extremely essential public services. Many states and their subdivisions have heavy fixed charges in the form of interest on debt, and over a thousand municipal units are, or have been, in default. Yet most of the primary functions of government, including education and highways, are their direct responsibility. The federal government, for example, has contributed practically nothing toward the support of education. The states and their municipalities normally spend about two-thirds of the citizen's tax dollar.

That the states, under pressure, have made wholesale sacrifices in standards of public service is common knowledge. Nearly two thousand rural schools in twenty-four states failed to open this fall. One out of every four cities has shortened its school term; 715 rural schools are expected to run less than three months this year. One out of every four teachers in the United States is now teaching on an annual salary of less than $750, only slightly above what the blanket code allows an unskilled laborer. The pupil-teacher ratio has greatly increased and crowding has become general.

Very few untapped sources of revenue were available to the states. Of these the most important were the state income tax and the general sales tax. The state income tax met with strong objection in the claim that "you can't tax net income when there isn't any." It was asserted to be quite impossible, within the limits prescribed by administrative feasibility, interstate competition and the resistance of the taxpayers, to raise worth-while sums from a net-income tax in some of the agricultural states like South Dakota. While only partially valid, these assertions carried great weight. Moreover, the federal government was already in this field and the net-income tax encountered constitutional barriers in many states. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that new ground has been gained by the sales tax.

The Case Against Sales Taxes

It is plain enough that the state sales tax does not escape the cogent objections that were offered in Congress against a national sales tax. In fact a state sales tax is more objectionable, since it is far more difficult to administer and creates more problems in interstate competition between industries. The fact that 60 percent of the purchases of goods and services are made by consumers receiving less than $2,000 a year is as important in the one field as it is in the other. Moreover, a large share of state and local revenue is already raised by a definitely regressive tax that is paid directly or indirectly by the humblest citizen. No one escapes the general property tax, for it is reflected in rent. The tax is regressive in actual practice both because local assessors quite universally favor large property owners, intentionally or otherwise, and because a large part of the tax is shifted and—like the sales tax—is paid by the consumer. To use the sales tax as a supplement is to add a second regressive tax and a further burden to those who are already staggering under the load of the property tax. Surely there is some better alternative to closed schools and half-paid public employees.

Three lines of action that will make a state sales tax unnecessary can be urged. The first is to use the federal income and estate taxes to help support education. Unrestricted interstate travel, migration and trade are steadily creating a closer knit and more interdependent country. A national minimum standard of educational opportunity has become of universal interest. The people of Massachusetts are no longer unconcerned if 25 percent of the children of Arkansas are allowed to grow up in ignorance. The educational system, now financed almost exclusively by local districts through taxes upon property, should be a first charge upon the ability to pay of the entire nation.

It is true that federal aid involves difficult problems of distribution, supervision and federal finance. These problems will require the best efforts of experts and statesmen. But they are not insuperable. And it must be remembered that the alternatives may be the sales tax or closed schools or both.

State Income Taxes

The second plank in the program is to continue the fight for state income taxes. Only about half of the states have a net-income tax, and among those which do not are the rich and populous states of Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana.

There is much room for improvement in existing state laws. They are quite as leaky as the federal, but no more difficult to mend. Many impose rates that are little more than a gesture. The recent New Mexico law imposes a top rate of 4 percent, and applies this rate only to income above $100,000. In addition, the law offers the taxpayer generous property-tax offsets. New Mexico apparently has taken no chances of driving wealth from the state by this law; nor can it have taken very seriously its resolution to substitute income taxes for other sources of revenue.

Further development of state income taxes is often resisted on the ground that the federal government has preëmpted the field. Or it is said that since the federal government has many advantages in the administration and collection of the net-income tax, it should be given a monopoly. The case for this proposition would be much stronger if the federal government were to assume some responsibility in financing education, as recommended in our first plank. Until the federal government adopts such a policy, the states have only the grim

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alternatives to the net-income tax stated above—excessive taxes on property, the sales tax, starving necessary public services or default. The net-income tax is clearly better than any of these. Moreover, unless the states are to be entirely deprived of their financial independence, which seems neither likely nor desirable, taxes based on ability to pay—which means income and inheritance taxes—will continue to have a legitimate place in their tax systems.

It will be said, of course, that a state income tax will amount to confiscation if added to the federal tax, which now runs up to a maximum rate of 63 percent. But the argument is misleading. The federal rates are not so high as they seem, for nobody pays the maximum rate on his full income. The 63-percent rate is actually applied only to that portion of a taxpayer's income which exceeds a million dollars. Moreover, the federal government permits a deduction of state taxes as an expense before calculating its tax. This means that the federal government collects only on that portion of net income not taken by the states. Many of the states permit a deduction of the federal tax and some of them permit a deduction of their own taxes as well. This procedure in itself is an assurance that overlapping taxes are not likely to become confiscatory.

Those who fear the cumulative effect of federal and state income taxes should indorse the suggestion frequently made that the federal government give the taxpayer a credit against his federal tax for any income taxes that he pays the states. Such a credit would go much further than the federal deduction already allowed, which is merely against the taxpayer's income, whereas the proposed credit would directly decrease the taxpayer's federal taxes. There is precedent for the proposed credit in the federal estate tax, which allows the taxpayer to pay 80 percent of his federal tax with a state inheritance tax receipt.[1] In addition to putting a check upon double taxation, a federal credit would tend to eliminate territorial competition in the taxation field. States that seek to attract industry and wealth on the ground that they levy no net-income taxes would lose the advantage of the federal credit for their taxpayers. Now that the federal government is spending large sums for relief in all states, it might reasonably collect an extra surtax in those states which refuse to tax on the ability-to-pay basis. The suggested federal tax credit is a sound device for doing exactly that.

Property Taxes

The third plank in the no-state-sales-tax program is to relieve the property taxpayer by modifying the property tax rather than by reducing assessments, rates and revenues. One of the principal objections to the general property tax is that it is not based upon the net property of the taxpayer, but upon his gross assets. Thus if Farmer X buys a farm worth $10,000, pays $2,000 down and gives his note and mortgage for the remainder, he will be taxed from the outset on $10,000 worth of property. On the other hand, the mortgagee, who has an $8,000 claim against the farm and is probably better able to pay taxes than Farmer X, will, as a rule, pay no property taxes upon his claim.

We have heard much during this depression about the necessity of helping the debtor in various ways, through moratoria on foreclosures, refinancing farm and home loans and so forth. The property tax as conducted in the American states is a device by which a large part of the communities' taxes are loaded upon the debtor class and escaped by the creditors. Tax relief for the debtor is both timely and fundamentally sound at the present time.

If the states wish to make the property tax more in accord with ability to pay, they can do so by making it apply to the "net worth" of the taxpayer—including all assets both tangible and intangible. A property tax so conceived would be a personal tax. It would not apply to corporations. Debts would be deductible and credits (stocks, bonds and mortgages) would be included among assets. The rate might be moderately graduated where state constitutions would permit, and appropriate exemptions provided to protect small savings. It would be unnecessary to substitute such a "net worth tax" for the property tax all at once. Instead, the new type of tax could be inaugurated as a supplement to the present tax.

The objection which will be offered against such a tax is that it is impossible to administer. The net-income tax encountered the same objection many years ago. The administrative difficulty was largely overcome by centralized administration and civil-service administrators. The "net worth tax" might escape its administrative difficulties by using the same formula. The estate tax is based upon the net value of all the property of the deceased at the time of death. This tax, too, involves difficult problems of evaluation and detection of property. But, nevertheless, it is now very well administered.

Professor Seligman once said that "the sales tax constitutes the last resort of countries which find themselves in such fiscal difficulties that they must subordinate all other principles of taxation to that of adequacy." The most fortunate and best endowed country in the world ought not to accept a tax measure with so little to recommend it. Rather it should seize one or all of the much better alternatives outlined above.

Harold M. Groves.

This is the third of a series of four articles by Professor Groves. The final article, discussing the need of considering taxes with an eye to their effects on the whole social organism, will appear next week. —The Editors.

[1] The 80 percent is calculated on the 1926 level of federal rates; the increases in the federal tax made by the revenue act of 1932 are not subject to this credit.

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Power Without Plunder

NEW ZEALAND has become an object lesson in hydro-electric development. In the past decade she has built a public-owned power industry that rivals any in the world, for size, for careful planning and, above all, for economy of results. From the beginning the work has been under a comprehensive plan, that submitted by Evan Parry in 1918, and although later developments have changed details here and there, the fundamental lines of the plan, calculation as to the individual needs for power in relation to the available sources, have been maintained unaltered. Thus the original plan called for the development of 202,500 kilowatts, assuming a consumption of .15 of a kilowatt per person and a population of a little over a million. But the population of New Zealand has increased nearly half a million beyond the estimates of Parry's original plan and new power sources have had to be developed to provide for this growth.

The original plan called for five government-owned hydro-electric stations, three on the more populous North Island and two on the South Island. All are now at least partially in operation, although one, Arapuni, has been seriously crippled by earthquakes. High-tension interconnection among all stations is eventually to be installed and a few temporary coal stations have been built to fill gaps until this can be done. But already, after only eight years of complete operation, the city of Auckland alone is dependent entirely upon steam-raised power.

The first costs of these developments have been considerable. Up to March 31, 1933, the government had spent $56,700,000 on the hydro-electric plan. Of this total $32,500,000 was for works already in operation, though Arapuni, biggest generating plant of all, has been out of commission most of the time. Because of this unexpected accident, the electrification scheme has not shown the large return that it otherwise would have.

From the beginning, the policy of the government has been not to sell power direct to the consumer. Instead, electricity has been supplied to local bodies and these local authorities left to handle reticulation and retail supply. Power lines from the generating plants to the point of sale have, of course, been built and financed by the state, but distribution within their own territory has been the responsibility of the cities and counties themselves. To organize and administer this sale of power, the necessary machinery was set up in the form of forty-eight power districts, thirty-nine of which are now in operation. Provision was made for several local authorities to combine, and authority was given these fused bodies to set up a special electric-power board with administrative and contracting powers and the right to make tax assessments in their districts. The first important task of these boards was the building of the power lines within their territory, and during the last few years they have constructed lines that now cover more than 70,000 square miles. The next step was to contract with the government for a minimum supply of power. The single weakness in the scheme so far revealed has been this contract, for three small boards, overestimating the growth in population, made agreements for more power than they could use.

This rapid development of the resources of a country rich in rivers and waterfalls began in earnest only eight years ago. Because of earthquakes, its greatest power project has not yet functioned uninterruptedly for more than seven months. Moreover, the final development of the power plan has taken place in a time of world crisis, with economy the universal demand, with taxes mounting, with constant lay-offs in industry and an unemployment total in New Zealand touching one-fifth of the employable population. Yet in the past two years what do we find? In 1930-31 the state-operated power scheme showed a return equal to 7.49 percent on the capital invested; it paid interest charges and depreciation and allowed a profit of $261,000. In 1931-32, an even worse year, the return on the capital in operation stood at 7 percent, and after interest and depreciation had been paid the profit for the year was $178,000.

Here are the figures for the last two years of the state-owned plants.[1]

	Invested Capital Operating	*Revenue*	*Operating Expenses*	*Interest*	*Depreciation*	*Profit*
1930-1	$31,200,000	$3,289,000	$1,048,000	$1,451,000	$528,000	$261,000
1931-2	32,500,000	3,264,000	966,000	1,626,000	494,000	178,000

In the last year the hydro-electric works have earned enough to pay their operating charges, meet interest payments at the rate of 5.2 percent on the capital invested, provide for depreciation at the rate of 2 percent, and establish general reserves from profits. These general reserves, since 1925, have grown to the total of $3,082,000.

The remarkable side of this feat is the level of charges upon which success has been achieved. The average government rate for the whole country (there are slight variations according to cost of installation of the various schemes, distance of transmission to the local authority, etc.) today stands at eighty-five one-hundredths of a cent per kilowatt hour. That is, the New Zealand government sells

[1] Exchange equivalent at respective dates. The depreciation of the dollar would make recent rates more difficult to compare.

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for thirty-four cents the same amount of power which in New Jersey, for example, costs $3.48. And New Zealand makes it pay. Of course, this charge is not the rate at which power is sold to the New Zealand public. The retailing of electricity is in the hands of other local corporations which have had to modify their original ideas of the proper level for power charges. But set against the rates calculated by Mr. Stephen Raushenbush for New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Kansas, the rates for New Zealand's four largest cities are illuminating. Here are the figures:

	40 kilowatt hours	*80 kilowatt hours*
New York (private)	$2.936	$4.550
New Jersey (private)	3.485	5.858
Massachusetts (private)	2.995	5.189
Kansas (private)	3.188	5.959
Auckland (public)	1.114	2.228
Wellington (public)	1.304	2.608
Christchurch (public)	.910	1.820
Dunedin (public)	.738	1.476

Not only does New Zealand get a cheap, efficient and profitable power service, but the local power boards and other local organizations get a profit as well. Figures for 1930-31 show that the thirty-nine operating boards made net profits of more than one million dollars.

The rise of the electrical industry in New Zealand has been little known to the outside world. Industrial statistics show that this side of the country's development has outstripped all other industries. The investment of $148 million ($91 million by the cities and counties) in a short space of time has given the electric-power industry an important place in the country's economy, and the rate of growth is expressed in the rise of investment per capita from $12.50 in 1919 to $93.50 in 1930. At the same time the units generated per head of population, rising from 97 to 507, have shown the eagerness of the people to have electricity. There seems little doubt that the electrification of farm services is responsible for a good part of the record increase in primary production in New Zealand between 1925 and 1928, when production indices rose more steeply than ever before. Most farmers now have ample power and that fact explains why New Zealand's exports, even today, are the highest per capita in the world. Factories have cheap electricity which has enabled them to show the common phenomenon of rising output even though this is not a highly industrialized country. But, most important of all, the people have the benefit of a power supply cheap, efficient, soundly financed and well equipped, able to meet all present needs and to provide for the future, adequately administered and operated with an eye to the common good. There are no preventable losses, there is no bonus for inefficiency, there is nothing to be gained by inflating capital. The one object is community service and it is apparent that that object is being attained.

Wellington, N. Z. QUENTIN POPE.

Washington Notes

Biting the Hand That Feeds—Johnson Beats the Tom-Tom—Unhappy Days Are Here Again

THE MOST serious situation that has developed here within the past week is in connection with the Civil Works Administration, which at this writing has on its pay roll more than four million men, among whom it is distributing upwards of $75 million a week. The administration's determination is to operate the C.W.A. on a greatly reduced basis, between now and the first of May, and to abandon the whole project on that date. To say that this proposal has created dismay is to put it mildly. From practically every section vehement protests have been heard. Governors, mayors and communities forecast a disaster if the discontinuation really occurs. They point out that the cities and states are in no condition to take over the burden; that the relief organizations are already under heavy strain and that it is too much to expect either private industry or the public-works program to absorb any considerable number by May. As a result, they insist, several million men will be deprived of their means of existence. It will create a desperate situation. Hence they implore the President to ask for another billion dollars for the continuation of the C.W.A. after May.

To this Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins, the C.W.A. administrator, are opposed, chiefly on the ground that the C.W.A. was a temporary emergency plan to bring us through the winter and that now the drain upon the federal Treasury is too great to be sustained and the normal agencies must resume the burden. On the President's side there is, of course, the fear that having made no provision in the budget for a continuation of the C.W.A., another adequate appropriation will smear up his whole financial picture and increase the huge and already difficult borrowings of the Treasury. On Mr. Hopkins' side there is the feeling that politicians and business men have joined in "chiseling" the C.W.A.; that there have been, as a result, much waste, graft and inefficiency; that the whole thing is a failure. Obviously, a grave problem is here presented and there is, at this writing, no certainty as to its solution.

The probabilities, of course, are that the President will effect a compromise. With characteristic optimism, he does not take the situation so seriously as either Mr. Hopkins or the protesting Governors, mayors and members of Congress. He will, I suppose, cut a course midway between complete abandonment and adequate appropriation for continuance. In circumstances like these, this is his invariable custom—and so long as his personal prestige remains undiminished, he can get by with it. There is a prospect, however, that in this instance the Congress may not be satisfied to accept a compromise and will go beyond the limit desired by the President. If it should, it will necessitate a rearrangement of the 1935-36 financial figures, and it may result in a national debt in the latter year of $33,000 million instead of $32,000 million. But when a regular Republican of the David A. Reed type tells us that a $32,000 million debt is nothing to bother about, certainly the rest of us should not be appalled.

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To unprejudiced observers, the basic issue involved in the C.W.A. matter seems clear. The whole Roosevelt recovery program is a great gamble on the future. The great experiments upon which we have been launched, the stimulation of agriculture and industry through government money, the relief of distress by the P.W.A. and the C.W.A., direct grants to the states—back of all these things, the hope is that the country can be carried over the emergency. When recovery fully comes it will be time to retrace and retrench; there will be time enough then to restore the national solvency. If this theory is sound, nothing could be more fatal than to slow down before the emergency is past. That there would be no such slowing down was the interpretation universally placed upon the President's first message to Congress.

On the contrary, the whole gigantic $10,000 million borrowing and spending program was based on the belief that for two years we would proceed with unslackened speed and determination. The proposal to abandon the C.W.A. in May seems to many a contradiction of the spirit of the message and a retreat before the fight is won. Furthermore, the opinion is here expressed that one conceded failure in a major administration project may shake public faith in the whole business. That would be bad. Success hinges so clearly upon forging ahead along the lines laid down that any faltering now would be disastrous. The gamble so gallantly taken may be lost in the end—and for that no one would be responsible—but if it is lost before the time limit set by the administration, then the responsibility would be clear and complete.

In the meantime, fire on General Johnson and the monopolistic tendency of the N.R.A. codes has been growing hotter. For a long time now the dissatisfaction with the General's methods, manners and general disposition has been pretty pronounced. His denunciatory treatment of those who pointed out flaws or abuses under the N.R.A. has tended to create hostility to the man personally. It has also increased the determination of various influential persons to be neither silenced nor shoved aside. Besides, it is conceded that there is undeniable truth in the two main charges against the N.R.A. One of these is that the interests of the consumer have been neglected, that he is suffering through unjustifiable price increases. The other charge is that the Big Business interests, through suspension of the anti-trust laws, have obtained undue advantages and the small business man has been put in a painful position.

Efforts upon the part of Senators Borah and Nye to interest the President and General Johnson in this situation were made weeks ago. The President gave the Senators a sympathetic hearing. General Johnson also exhibited what he, at least, thought was a spirit of willing coöperation, through his proposal to Senator Borah and Senator Nye to serve on a commission. They were to act as liaison officers between Congress and the N.R.A. This was looked upon by them as a trap, and promptly sidestepped. But there seemed no controversy between them of a character to justify the violence of Johnson's denunciation in his recent New York speech. The General's unrestrained language on that occasion and his blunt warning to Senators Borah and Nye to shut up could not fail to arouse resentment. Not only in the Senate but in the administration itself the feeling about General Johnson has become very strong and it will, I think, continue until the President does something about it. Many here believe that a situation is developing parallel to the Peek-Wallace-Tugwell controversy over the agricultural codes some weeks ago. The end of that was the retirement of Mr. Peek.

Perhaps the end of this will be the retirement of General Johnson. When the issue on the anti-trust law comes to the test in the Senate practically all the progressive Senators will support Borah and Nye. Moreover, they seem likely to have the support of that orthodox conservative, Carter Glass of Virginia, his colleague Senator Byrd, Senator Clark of Missouri and many others. There is a good prospect that they will be able to change the N.I.R.A. in a way satisfactory to them but extremely distasteful to General Johnson and his Big Business supporters.

The persuasive powers of the President, I think, will be severely taxed to get by this crisis with his customary compromise. For one thing, there is hardly a chance of his persuading General Johnson to follow Peek's example and permit himself to be shelved. The General enjoys the limelight too much and is altogether too full of a sense of his own righteousness and infallibility to accept any such way out. He will either stay where he is or quit entirely. The President would be sorry to lose him. He wants him to stay in the administration. He regrets the controversy. On the other hand, the N.R.A., of which considerable suspicion has now been aroused, is never going to be satisfactory to the progressive supporters of the President so long as Johnson is in supreme command.

I dwelt upon this subject last week, but the feeling on both sides has been greatly aggravated since. In the circumstances, it is difficult to see how a compromise can be effected. Somebody will have to give way. One of the chief troubles at the moment is that the General seems inflamed with the idea that there is a conspiracy against him. He wants to confront his enemies "face to face." Perhaps he will. Perhaps there is going to be an unhappy time generally.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Power People Reorganize—The Old Sheepskin Jacket—Richberg Runs Out—Coding Monopoly

THERE is one thing that no citizen ought to do if he has any respect for his skin. He must not go to Washington and criticize the N.R.A. If he does, General Johnson will be annoyed. Very much annoyed. The General will tell him that he is "beating a tom-tom." If the General is not there, Donald Richberg will be there. Richberg will tell him that he is "making a stump speech."

At the moment the N.R.A. is trying to bring the public utilities under a code. Secretary Ickes thinks, and very properly, that this ought not to be done, but when Henry Hunt, counsel for the Secretary, appeared at a code hearing and presented an orderly and mannerly collection of objections to this idea, Donald Richberg turned upon him angrily and denounced him.

Here is what Mr. Richberg is now trying to do. Everyone has heard of the late unlamented National Electric

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Light Association. Following the exposure of its unscrupulous drive some years ago to poison the public mind by buying newspaper men, newspapers, college professors, high-school teachers, preachers and public officials, the National Electric Light Association fell into disgrace.

When the Insull disclosures came upon the heels of this, and the facts about holding-company intrigues were dragged into the light by the Federal Trade Commission, the odium attaching to the name "N.E.L.A." darkened so much that the usefulness of that organization was practically gone. Meanwhile, Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States. Roosevelt's enmity to these power magnates who had been caught red-handed in so many malodorous performances was well known. What to do?

Well, in January of last year we read in our papers that the N.E.L.A. had hit the sawdust trail. It had confessed itself a sinner and had decided to commit suicide. It was dissolved. In its place a new organization, reeking with purity, was formed, called the Edison Electric Institute. This was something brand new—new men, new ideals, new name. But was it?

George B. Cortelyou was made president. Mr. Cortelyou was president of the American Gas Association. It is well to remember that the shameful publicity and propaganda work exposed by the Federal Trade Commission was carried on by the N.E.L.A. jointly with the American Gas Association. That propaganda work, as a matter of fact, consumed almost all the energies of the Gas Association.

When the Federal Trade Commission began to dig into N.E.L.A. affairs, Mr. Bernard Weadock, a former corporation counsel from the West, who got his training fighting the utility companies—and then going into their employ—was retained as counsel by the N.E.L.A. He had guided them in all their long quarrels with the Federal Trade Commission. He was the highest paid employee of the N.E.L.A., getting, it is said, $100,000 a year. He maintained a suite in Washington. He was master of the show. When the N.E.L.A. dissolved and the Edison Electric Institute appeared, Mr. Weadock was made its executive secretary. The leading members of the policy committee of the N.E.L.A. became trustees of the Edison Electric Institute. The sinner had not repented at all. He had merely changed his costume and name.

The Institute announced an ambitious program. But there was one fly in the ointment. What about the anti-trust laws? However, "reports that the Institute might run afoul of the Sherman Act were minimized." But it was a question to be considered.

Then came the New Deal. And then came the N.R.A. and General Johnson and his factotum, Donald Richberg. Richberg had won something of a reputation as a liberal. But his liberalism began to assume strange forms in his new post. For instance, when the N.R.A. was being debated in the Senate, an amendment was offered to the labor provisions of the Recovery Act reading as follows: "Provided that nothing in this title shall be construed to compel a change in the existing satisfactory relationships between employers and employees of any particular plant, firm or corporation except that the employees of *any particular* plant, firm or corporation shall have the right to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining with their employer as to wages, hours of labor and other conditions of employment."

When Senators La Follette, Costigan, Wheeler, Norris and Wagner objected to this on the ground that it would nullify the labor provisions of the Act, Senator Clark said Mr. Richberg "not only accepted this amendment, but thought it was very beneficial to the bill."

No one needs to be told now what the story of labor would be if this had been adopted. Of course Mr. Richberg has a perfect right to have such views. No one can possibly question his honesty in holding them. But they help to place him.

Now the N.R.A. decided to invite the electrical industry to come in and form a code. Undoubtedly the motor people, the steel people and others urged them to do this. After all, the water was fine. In any case the electrical industry accepted the invitation and prepared a code. It designated the Edison Electric Institute as the governing authority of the industry. This body is controlled by the Electric Bond and Share, the United Gas Improvement, the Commonwealth Edison (Insull's old company), the Public Service of New Jersey and various other powerful holding companies which control, it is estimated, 70 percent of the electric-power output of the country. They would assume control, with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Act suspended. They would be in a position to attempt to force in the municipal plants, which is the thing they want most. They would be in a position to wield an extremely powerful argument against state regulatory commissions.

Secretary Ickes, who is one of the few real liberals in the New Deal Cabinet, opposed this. He sent Mr. Henry Hunt to register his objection. And Mr. Hunt was promptly called down by Mr. Richberg. It is well for Mr. Hunt that the big boss himself was not there. He would have been told that he was "beating a tom-tom." And then the reporters would have flown to their pencils and written another eulogy of the "great phrase-maker."

One other fact must be mentioned here. It is the kind of men who turn up in the N.R.A. in charge of these codes and as "economic advisers." Why has not the N.R.A. obtained men trained as social economists instead of going to various investment trusts and Wall Street market advisory services, which have yawned and given up to the N.R.A. their "economic advisers"? The economic advisers of the New Era have become the economic advisers of the New Deal. Why? In this case a deputy administrator appears on the scene after being for twelve years with the General Electric Corporation. An economic adviser appears who is at present connected with an investment-research corporation in Detroit.

These utilities are monopolies. They do not require any codes. As to wages, any protection that labor is to get, from these corporations, it will have to get itself through its own organizations and not through the N.R.A. To put them under a code, to recognize the Edison Electric Institute as the legal governing body of the industry—and all under a suspension of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law—can have no effect except to weaken such small protection as the public has won through so many hard battles.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Sub-Marginal Farmer's Wife

LEE GILBERT, of Appleby, Missouri, bought his little stock farm at sixty dollars an acre just five years ago. At that time, according to the annual report of Secretary Hyde for 1929, American agriculture seemed to be working out of its difficulties. The first year of his ownership of the farm, Lee paid $400 on his mortgage, besides interest and taxes, and bought some new stock. The next year he paid interest and taxes and, with his urban neighbors in acute distress, considered himself lucky to get a living for his family from the farm. Since then, although he has worked harder and handled more stock each year, he has run behind, and he fears that he is going to lose his farm. He has tried without success to get a loan through the local farm agent. He does not understand what is happening to him.

Mrs. Lee Gilbert (the name for obvious reasons is fictitious) has tried through these years to look on the bright side of things and to keep up the heart of her husband and their three boys. Now she too can see nothing ahead. But she is not inarticulate. She has written to the Secretary of Agriculture. Here is a part of her letter which was received by the A.A.A.:

"I have wondered for some time if you understood the situation of the farm wife and mother. It has been bad enough at the best, but this fall it is reaching the unendurable stage.

"A short piece I noticed stated that producers' prices had risen as fast or faster than consumers'. It is not true here. The cheapest sack of flour we can buy is $1.75 and the better grades are $1.90 to $2.35. At the same time flour raised, we were getting six cents a dozen for eggs, and they continued at that price for a number of weeks, only the last two or three weeks reaching fifteen cents. Hens seven cents a pound, young chickens six cents. This time of year our eggs are scarce and a farmer does not have a check every Saturday evening, so it is a problem to know where the flour is to come from. Every crust must be eaten and no extra baking done, for that sack must last so long.

"I have three boys. They went almost in rags until it got warm enough to go without shirts, as I patched until they would no longer hold the thread. I sold thirty roosters and fourteen hens to get school clothes. They brought $9.38. Now I studied and worried how to divide that out among three boys and felt I should have sent it to some of the economists and let them plan it out for me. Overalls had doubled in price, shirts had doubled, shoes had more than doubled and the chicken price was a mere nothing. So where I would gladly have relieved this merchant of six pairs of overalls, I must get only three, the cheapest they had, and then wash again on Saturday so they may be clean for school. Makes my work double.

"Ten thousand pounds of pork on the Kansas City market cleared $230. Do you wonder at us getting angry? Can you imagine the long hours of hard work that represented? Do you know that farm people would sooner raise half what they do? We have been driven to double and even treble our products to see if we could keep even, but we can't. We have no N.R.A. hours. It is work sixteen to eighteen, and it is not fair to our children.

"The papers say Buy. How can we buy? I could spend $500 if I had it and not get one thing but what would be a necessity. My cook stove is worn out until it is a misery to get a meal on it, oil stove beyond use, table cloths worn out, bedding run down. Cooking utensils about gone. No overshoes for the family, our clothing all shabby, nearly gone. Why this condition? We have done without all we could to save our home. Waiting each year for better conditions only for each year as it came to cast us farther aside.

"As a wife and mother I am worn threadbare trying to manage and get along and I have labored and sacrificed to save our home in order that my boys could have a home and not have to be cast out to loaf or go wrong. We have reached our limit.

"Now unless hog prices raise to between $7 and $8 in the next six weeks we cannot possibly get out, and if we lose our home, I'm telling you right now we will sit down and it will just be one more family on the list to feed and clothe. We did succeed, and we could yet with more reasonable prices. When the bankers or insurance companies or rich guys think I will go on one of their old farms to be bossed and driven as a slave they are mistaken. I'll take my hand-out like the other fellow and quit wearing out my body."

Harris Before the World

OUR CONGRATULATIONS are due the Columbia Phonograph Company for recording the Aeolian String Quartet's performance of Roy Harris' concerto for string quartet, clarinet and piano.[1] They have therewith added to their stock a glowing interpretation of a magnificent little piece, and placed before the world this early but representative example of the product of one of the American composers who has much to give it.

For all the inequalities of his works, the occasional dowdiness of its thematic material, vaguely reminiscent of Tchaikowsky, Debussy or Beethoven, the laboriousness of some of the climaxes, the awkwardness of certain of the developments, Roy Harris' music indeed frequently exhibits characteristics typical of great art. One of them is grandeur. Harris' concerto and Piano Sonata Op. 1, and his more recent string sextet and string quartet, are lofty in plan and endeavor, with their elevated manner, sublime for all its ruggedness; their large lines; proud barrenness of dramatic intention; contrapuntal forms and Beethovenesque scheme of thematic developments, and they are full of the musical objectifications of heroic feelings of life: some of them nostalgic, others humorous, and the majority tragic. Harris is the singer of tragic, pioneer existences. He himself was born in Oklahoma, on the last American frontier; and over the biggest of his pages, the bell-like opening and coda of the sonata, the wild preludes of the sextet and quartet, the almost meterless commencement of the sextet's finale, there seems to float, gray, far-spreading, silent, the infinite and inscrutable dome overarching the American plains and the lives of the millions who hoped, struggled

1 Columbia Modern Music Set No. 6. Roy Harris, Op. 2. Harry Cumpson, Piano; Aaron Gorodner, Clarinet; Aeolian String Quartet. Three 12-inch records, $4.50.

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and suffered on them. Nor is the volume of the sound which he frequently produces with few instruments—tempting some members of his audiences to speak of orchestral effects in reference to the last movement of his concerto and his second string quartet and the first and last movements of the sextet—merely physically overwhelming. It, too, has an intensity not theatrical but spiritual, moving us with a sense of the majesty and largeness of things.

Another quality, typical of great art, frequently exhibited by Harris' compositions, is lavishness. His music almost regularly has a will, a dynamism. It flows warmly and bodied. One feels the man must sing. He "is." This lavishness of output comes surprisingly in music signed like his with a good American name, and containing numerous instances of the fresh reconstitution of musical elements in accordance with personal and American ways of feeling. Harris' pieces, indeed, are full of jogging, loose-jointed, irregular cowboy and wild country-fiddler rhythms, and plaintive, originally modulated bitter-sweet melodies distantly related to the Scotch-Irish frontier folksong and the Moody and Sankey hymnody; and his attack and his sonority have a peculiar, one might almost say national, incisiveness and asperity. Though he may be less systematically dissonant a composer than most of his eminent contemporaries, Harris can be a very daring harmonist: witness certain of his scherzi, with their effectively clashing tonalities and rhythms. And this is remarkable; for we have come, and with reason, to associate profuseness and momentum of output, and fervor of accent, like that of the andante of Harris' concerto and the andantino of his new string quartet, chiefly with original European compositions. The music of most of the American composers of very high endeavor, deep sentiency and strong personality, such as Ruggles and Sessions, Copland and Ives, is after all a relatively measured product.

Harris is beyond all probability the dynamic potentiality of a major and wholly satisfactory composer. Each of his rapidly successive pieces exhibits first-rate qualities in full measure, and to the greater exclusion of all others, than does its immediate predecessor. The piano sonata, Harris' Opus 1, for instance, has much nobility and poignancy, but relatively little richness of substance and freshness of invention. The admirable little concerto immediately subsequent to it has more of all these virtues than the sonata has. And the later sextet and quartet have more of them than the concerto; and these last pieces are almost entirely freshly minted. Besides, the later pieces are stronger of form than the earlier—to the degree, in any case, to which form is a matter of vital contrasts, of correlative oppositions of objective and subjective expressions and complementary figures representative of the antithetical feelings and experiences of the race. In the earlier pieces, the faster movements, particularly the motory, humorous, ironical scherzi, are almost regularly superior to the more lyrical, subjective, slow movements, which tend slightly to sentimentality. If the *andante ostinato* of the sonata is deeply felt, it is certainly far more indecisive and repetitious than the polyrhythmic, polyharmonic scherzo. Only the substitution of a new andante for the old one in the concerto succeeded in balancing this work. But in the andantino of the quartet, Harris at last has given us a slow movement that is on the level of liveness with the best fast movements that he has written.

And this purification has been the matter of a relatively few years. Harris had a late start. Born in 1898, his Opus 1 was composed as recently as the year 1926. As late as 1925 he was getting his living as a teamster: only from 1926 onwards did the spirit of an individual, and of the Guggenheim Foundation, enable him to study with Nadia Boulanger and set to work freely. Thus, his music fairly glitters with the signs of his capacity to develop into the high thing of which he is now the impressive potentiality, and of the relative briefness of the period which the process will have to consume.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Was an Innocent Man Lynched at San Jose?

SIR: As one of the official investigators of the San Jose lynching for the American Civil Liberties Union, it did not come particularly within my province to examine exhaustively into the guilt or innocence of the two alleged kidnapers, victims of the mob. That is to say, the A.C.L.U. stood on the broad ground that it was opposed to the lynching regardless of the guilt or innocence of those lynched. Nevertheless I was at considerable pains to check up on the "iron-clad alibi" claimed for Jack Holmes by his intelligent and highly respectable parents and find that it is generally credible, while there are many incredible features of the so-called confessions obtained by third-degree methods.

The alibi is in two parts. The first locates Holmes at the house of a friend in respectable company at 6 P.M. This is almost the exact hour at which he is supposed to have stepped on the running board of Hart's car as the first act of the kidnaping. For an hour previous to that, according to the confessions, Thurmond and Holmes had been together plotting and planning and waiting for young Hart. Thus this portion of the alibi, if generally credible, allows for nearly an hour's margin of error without losing its essential validity.

The second and more important part of the alibi locates Holmes within a few minutes of 7 P.M. at his own home in the presence of his wife, his wife's mother, his two children and his parents. After eating dinner, he went with his wife to see a man about a job and then, in company with another couple, they went to a movie. Then home to bed.

Now the hour of the kidnaping being absolutely fixed at 6 P.M., and assuming that he was in his home at 7, what must he have accomplished in the intervening hour to make good on the confessions, and thus invalidate the alibi? Starting with a mad dash through the busy evening traffic of San Jose, followed by Thurmond in another car for the first part of the journey, he had to cover some seventy miles in that hour. Even without stops he would have had to do a lot of hundred-mile-an-hour driving to make it. But there were three important known stops, not counting traffic lights, ordinary stop signals and sharp turns. The first stop was when the two cars drew off to a side road beyond Milpitas, where Hart's car was abandoned and he was transferred to Holmes's car—up to now driven by Thurmond. As an incident of this transfer, it is related in one of the "confessions" that Holmes, after abandoning Hart's car, walked back to get some cigarettes, mentioned here merely as a time-consumer.

They then took up their mad dash through the countryside on

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a good but often narrow road leading through a number of towns to the next recorded stop on San Mateo bridge. There they got out and spent considerable time during which Hart was taken from the car, trussed up with wire, weighted with cement blocks, knocked twice on the head, which they had covered with a pillow slip, and thrown over the side of the bridge. After that, Thurmond is alleged to have climbed over the side of the bridge, shot at Hart, climbed by the girders under the archway (said to be an impossible feat) and up the other side. Why he did this is not stated, but undeniably it must have been a considerable time-consumer. Then on they dashed to the next brief stop at the toll station and finally made a mad race back to San Jose, where Holmes dropped Thurmond, who, according to his confession, then obtained his father's car and drove madly back to San Francisco where, from the Hotel Whitcomb, at 10:30, he put in a call to the Hart residence saying that Hart was safe.

While it is impossible to fix the exact time necessary for the activities described, any experienced motorist would put down about two hours as the minimum—and this without discounting the probability that these kidnapers would incur unnecessary risk of suspicion and capture by an inordinate display of speed. Furthermore, there is nothing in the confessions to indicate that Holmes and Thurmond felt the need of haste.

There are other points in the confessions which cast doubt upon their complete authenticity, but these would require too much background of explanation to be included within the limits of a letter. May I say in conclusion, however, that from the moment of our arrival in San Jose, there was a steady drift of sentiment away from the first hysterical approval of the lynching and that there is much likelihood of a complete exposure of the shameful outrage before many months have passed.

Los Angeles, Calif. ELLIS O. JONES.

The Students in Washington

SIR: In her article, "Lo, the Poor Student," published in your issue of January 17, Eunice Clark accuses the N.S.L. delegates to the National Conference on Students in Politics of bad behavior. She speaks of their "annoying habit of jumping up on the floor when someone was making a speech and insisting that the conference support the American League against War and Fascism."

I attended the National Conference on Students in Politics as a neutral observer. I am not a member of any group which participated in the conference. But what I saw convinced me that the N. S. L. got an extremely raw deal at the Conference and was justified in making a protest even at the expense of offending the sensibilities of Miss Clark. . . .

The Conference met in the United States Chamber of Commerce building. When the delegates indicated their desire to vote on a platform, it was revealed that they could not: a representative of the committee had given the Chamber a promise that no resolutions would be passed, and the chairman refused to permit the promise to be broken. Instead, he suggested that the floor instruct the committee to draw up a summary of the views expressed by the delegates and present it as the platform of the conference. No discussion of this suggestion was allowed. It was put to a vote and carried by a delegation which did not fully grasp the significance of it, though the N. S. L. delegates protested without being recognized from the chair and few if any of them voted for it.

Thus, a self-constituted committee whose representation was grossly disproportionate to that of the conference as a whole, was instructed to draw up what it thought was the sense of the meeting. The result was a program substantially like one proposed by a delegate from the Y. M. C. A. It included no mention of the American League against War and Fascism, though the N. S. L. delegates wished that mention to be included and felt that they could carry their motion if permitted to explain it and put it to a vote. But they were not permitted to explain it, and the whole program was read off as an accomplished fact just before the final adjournment. No vote was taken, no protest recognized. Program read, conference adjourned—bang!

At this high-handed treatment the N. S. L. students were justly incensed, and one of them attempted to explain why they were incensed even though efforts were being made to prevent him. He spoke rather loudly. Perhaps he even shouted. He was obviously mad, as he ought to have been, and as other delegates than the N. S. L.'s ought to have been too. Miss Clark thinks his manners were bad. Apparently well bred people keep their mouths shut when they see an outrage perpetrated. But if so I am afraid that the youth movement of well bred people will serve no other end than the elevation of an American Hitler. . . .

VARIAN FRY,
New York City. Assistant Editor, Scholastic.

Hitlerizing American Students

SIR: Confounded at the simple problem presented by conscientious objectors to military drill and—seemingly—lacking sufficient intestinal fortitude to go to bat against the compulsory feature of military training and the local political forces inclined to defend it for financial or "patriotic" reasons, the authorities of three of our institutions of higher learning have gone in for heroics of a Hitlerist character. The University of Maryland little over a year ago suspended Ennis Coale and Wayne Lees, two conscientious objectors to military drill. Last November the University of California at Los Angeles suspended two student drill resisters, Albert Hamilton and Alonzo Reynolds, Jr., and bulldozed half a dozen others into subjection to the military unit by threatening to deny them their educational privileges. Only a few days ago Ohio State University, as if striving to remain in the front rank of the reactionaries (a dubious distinction which it rightly won by dismissing Professor Herbert A. Miller three years ago), suspended seven pacifist students because of their refusal to join the military goose-steppers.

Possibly the cases referred to above are straws in the wind, presaging an era of regimentation from and by the right. As Dr. George A. Coe recently put it: "Here a doctrine is lifting its head—it already has judicial support—that in principle is indistinguishable from the basic assumptions of Hitler's totalitarian state." New Republic readers cannot be neutral to such a development and the threat it represents. Those interested in supporting or learning more of this fight are invited to communicate with the Committee on Militarism in Education, 2929 Broadway, New York City.

EDWIN C. JOHNSON, Secretary,
New York City. Committee on Militarism in Education.

From Scottsboro

SIR: I have read with interest the editorial comment in The New Republic of December 13 on the famous Scottsboro Case. I was interested also in a letter appealing for additional funds for the I.L.D. to conduct the defense of these "Scottsboro boys," in which the writer referred to the defendants as "seven innocent Negro boys."

At this time, when we are interested in collecting data on the sale of adulterated foods, and dangerous or worthless patent medicines and other means of duping the American consumer, it would be interesting to know how many workers, white and black, have been duped into believing that they are assisting innocent children by pouring their nickels and dimes into the coffers of the International Labor Defense League. I wonder if your readers would be interested in a few facts. Scottsboro is a thriving cultured town of about three thousand population in the heart of the fertile Tennessee Valley. The "Scottsboro boys" are not Scottsboro boys. Neither are they Alabama boys. The crime was committed on a freight train passing through Jackson County. The white boys, thrown from the train by the burly Negroes before the Negroes attacked the two white girls, reported as soon as they could what was going on on the train. Arrests were made and the first trial ensued soon after. None of the people involved in the case were residents of Jackson County, but Jackson County is having to bear considerable expense in the prolonged trials. The trials, however, have caused only a small fraction of the amount of excitement that has been reported. There is no doubt about the Negroes being guilty, in the minds of those who are here and know the facts in the case. The distorted and exaggerated reports that we read in the magazines and periodicals sound like fiction to us.

The I.L.D. representatives have swamped the trial judge and the

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Governor of the state with telegrams, making threats of various kinds. Even the mayor of Scottsboro, who had no more to do with the trials than any other citizen, has received numerous telegrams setting future dates as "Scottsboro Day" unless the "innocent boys" be released immediately. These Negroes are vicious fellows. They have forfeited their rights to live under our law. Whether we believe in capital punishment or not is another question. I think they are going to have to pay with their lives sooner or later. As the law stands they deserve to die. We have in the South a situation that those outside cannot possibly understand. We have to work out our own race problems. Outside interference proves a great hindrance. It encourages insurrections and mob violence. The great majority of Southern Negroes are a happy, contented people. We recognize our obligation to raise their general intelligence, which is being gradually but surely done.

Scottsboro, Ala. I. J. BROWDER.

Why "Women's" Magazines?

SIR: Your recent article, "They Say Women Are Emancipated," by Elizabeth Bancroft Schlesinger [The New Republic, December 13], is interesting, but there are certain aspects of the modern women's magazines she overlooked.

Who are the owners and editors of the women's magazines? You will find that men predominate in the executive offices and on their editorial staffs. Would it not appear that we are still bound to what men think desirable? Is that what most women want? And are not these magazines really mediums for salesmanship, almost trade journals? Of the first importance in these magazines is the advertising. The subject matter comes second. The advertisements pay for the producing of the magazine. The subject matter, aside from a few sentimental stories, covers those interests that belong to the women's sphere. There, also, the purpose is to foster buying for the home and the child. The entire plan of these magazines is based on the man's interest in its commercial success.

The idea that it is a woman's journal, stamped as such, stultifies it and puts it in the category of the old-time family magazine, discarded long ago. Why *"women's"* magazines? Do we have men's magazines labeled as such? When the magazine can be owned, edited and managed by a staff of women, I am sure we shall have the same results that we find today in England, where an admirable and influential weekly, "Time and Tide," is owned by Lady Rhondda and directed by an entire staff of women. Elizabeth Bancroft Schlesinger says at the close of her article, "Yet the fact that the magazine with the least limited intellectual scope, The Woman's Home Companion, has the largest circulation, would indicate that a New Deal in women's journals might be a paying proposition . . . "

Shall we not soon follow our British sisters and produce magazines worthy of the emancipated woman?

CAROLYN F. ULRICH,
Chief, Periodicals Division,
New York City. New York Public Library.

Equity in Debt

SIR: In your issue of December 27, you say, editorially, "... The next most important subject for congressional action is to prepare for a broad scaling down of mortgage debt."

What do you mean by that statement? Do you mean reducing mortgage bonds of industrial concerns, the scaling down of central city mortgage indebtedness or reducing mortgages on private dwellings just because the owners cannot, or say they cannot, continue to make their required payments?

Certainly you must be aware that thousands of home-owners, however financially able, are using the depression as an excuse to avoid payment of mortgage interest when due. They know that in the large cities of the East popular sentiment will rarely tolerate evictions for non-payment even after they have defaulted, had their homes foreclosed and lived rent-free for six months or more in the houses they formerly owned.

In progressive America rather than conservative England far more of the middle and lower-class families own their own homes. This has been made possible to a large extent by the money available to them as a mortgage on their property. If such mortgages are to be subject to scaling down and the security back of them becomes an uncertain quantity, certainly, then, there will be little incentive for investors to loan money on such doubtful risks. Can this have any other effect than to make home-buying, and subsequently home-owning, much more difficult in the future?

Great numbers of thrifty Americans who have amassed a few thousand dollars during nearly a lifetime of work have invested their savings in good first mortgages to ensure them some sort of economic security during their declining years. Is it right to reduce or eliminate this security so that these frugal people who have been the backbone of America will become virtual paupers? Is it fair to reduce the modest income of one class in order to add it to another class?

Philadelphia, Pa. O. F. ROLLER, JR.

[We favor a general reduction of the interest or the principal of mortgage debt—it makes little difference which. This should apply both to those debtors who can pay present rates and those who cannot.

The interest rate on long-term indebtedness is the most inflexible element in our price system. The fact that it has not fallen while other prices have tumbled is one of the most serious instances of price disparity. If other prices cannot be raised sufficiently, interest rates must come down. The longer their delay in falling, the longer and more painful is the wait for revival, on the part both of debtors and creditors.

Home-buying and home-owning could not be more difficult than at present. It is probable that more money rather than less would be lent on mortgage if interest rates were lower. New enterprise often thrives on the writing off of old losses.

Our correspondent's concern for the creditors overlooks two facts: (1) many creditors now suffer because debtors cannot pay, and many more will suffer in like manner unless debts are scaled down so as to be payable; (2) those creditors who are still receiving payment in full constitute the largest class in the nation that has benefited at the expense of others during the depression, since their incomes have not decreased while their cost of living has.—THE EDITORS.]

Profits in Birth Control

SIR: For the past six years I have sold the contraceptives advised by the birth-control clinics. Therefore, being one of those clustered about "Birth Control's Business Baby," I was curious to see what Miss Garrett had to say in her article in your January 17 issue.

Reading it from a critical standpoint, I should say that her facts are, on the whole, correct. Her interpretation of these facts, however, is another matter. Miss Garrett says of the pioneer firms (I was with the very first), "They were non-commercial in character." I am afraid that she here permits her natural sympathy for the older babies to color her judgment. Certainly, I had a difficult enough time explaining to doctors the reason for the exorbitant price of products that cost only a few cents to make. . . .

New York City. GEORGE STUBBS.

Extracts from Letters

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, director of Economic Education and member of the Consumers' Advisory Board under the N.R.A., will tell the organized consumers of metropolitan New York about "The Consumer and the N.R.A." at the West Side Meeting House, One Hundred and Tenth Street and Broadway, Saturday, February 10, at 8. P.M. Dr. Douglas, professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, is organizing Consumers' County Councils as part of the government's program. In addition to Dr. Douglas' discussion, a program will be presented for consumer organization. The meeting will be open to all interested in plans for consumer protection.

A new literary quarterly, **Point**, designed solely for younger writers will make its appearance in March. It is edited by Bernard Hankin and Sol Sniderman at 214 North Park Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

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Venture by Mr. Chappell

Come of Age, words and music by Clemence Dane and Richard Addinsell. Maxine Elliott's Theatre, January 12, 1934.

THE VENTURE at the Maxine Elliott is already, after two weeks, over and ended; I might almost put the title for it as a footnote to the page, as if for an essay on some book.[1] But from any standpoint of value to the theatre, "Come of Age" is more interesting and more alive now than any of the plays opening the same week or since. It was an experiment into which Mr. Delos Chappell, as producer, put time, pains and money; but, even better still, he devoted to the production, to the performance, inch by inch a sincerity of detailed attention and a spirit of *con amore* that our theatre just now rarely exhibits. I cannot believe that Mr. Chappell regrets an attempt on a plane of such distinguished intention.

But, alas, it is a fact, sad and unfair enough and at the same time foolish and right, that while the third-rate form of the second-rate intention is met with indulgence and easy smiles, the second-rate form of the first-rate intention is met with a sharper scrutiny, accorded a resentment that we should be waked up after dinner by something which may not quite prove worth waking up for, and stalked with bristling hairs—on the basis Goethe meant when he said that if you ride out of the stable on horseback you must expect the curs to bark. He did not specify the kind of horse—it might even be a cob—for the point is the riding versus the usual pedestrianism; we human beings are like that. What an odd old sentence that is which says *les hiboux ne connaissent pas les chemins par où les aigles vont au soleil,* picking out fowls thus, but not adding how we will have one for an eagle only if he reaches the sun; the road and the failures on it draw only our impatience! In sum, and to put the case in plain terms, "Come of Age" represented in the theatre an experiment in the use, first of all, of words in combination with music, and second, of not sheerly verse but rhyme, distinctly and pronouncedly employed on our stage. It was a performance worth watching, as tradition and as prophecy, and in both virtues and defects as of genuine interest and profit.

The story of "Come of Age" begins with Chatterton lying dead from poison, seventeen, his career once brilliant, now denounced. Death grants him a return to life. After this prologue comes the main play. A young writer and composer in London is subjected to the charms of a society actress, or society woman, who has on the side, or, better, chooses *à la résistance,* a rich admirer, so to speak. She toys with the young poet, plays too high a hand, shows too little understanding; at a cocktail party of her friends, smart, obvious people, she resents so his dereliction that she auctions him off and breaks his heart. Then she cannot do without him and gets him, at length, back into her apartment. In the crisis of a killed, undying love, he hears Death come for him again. The admirer appears, all three are to go out to dine. They see that the young man is dead, in the same posture as we first saw him, that youth in Walpole's time, as the world has seen him in the Tate Gallery painting. Finis.

[1] An extension of the play's run is just announced.

The settings for the prologue and the hall-stair to the poet's apartment were perfunctory and served their right purpose. Mr. James Reynolds' design for the drawing-room where the play took place, was one of the most chic and distinguished that the season has seen. The easy Georgian of it, the tone and the elegance, were notable. Mr. Stephen Haggard was extraordinarily well cast for the young poet. He understood the basis of the role; which is to say he had some idea what a poet is. Only in places did his performance drop, through lack of projected emphasis on what was dramatic to the play in the sequence of verses he had to speak. Miss Judith Anderson, though nobody could be anything but banal in the adolescently conceived cocktail and auction scene, gave otherwise the best performance I ever saw from her. In the crisis scene she was remarkable.

What Mr. Chappell had to go up against was, essentially, the play and, in numerous spots, the music. Technically the play ventures into short rhymed verse for all the modern part. The idea is interesting; for the jazzy lines, not wholly unlike eighteenth-century forms, speak for the modern milieu, and are against the beat of the poet's soul, as it were. This verse experiment at times succeeded and often was only empty and arbitrary. Mr. Macklin Marrow, with that persuasive loveliness of tone by which he can make a small orchestra enlarge and suggest the mood of the occasion, conducted. Some of Mr. Richard Addinsell's music was adequate. But a great deal of both songs and music for the main body of the play was only pretty. Whatever depth of soul Chatterton may in the prologue have been intended to possess, did not seem in this music to be very much confirmed.

This point about the music applies directly to the play. We are shown this young man, after so many years, living again in the world. We see fashionable London, jazz, cocktails, successful songs (so far as I could tell, about on the plane of "Bitter Sweet" or any other such soft, facile lyricism for those who like it), and the young resuscitated poet, enamored of fame, writing these pieces, called to Hollywood, et cetera, and in thrall to a hard and greedy modern woman. But none of this is about a genuine poet. If that is all the poet is, his entanglement with such a woman is pathetic, but not very tragic. To have made Chatterton a real poet would have made the play into another matter. Miss Clemence Dane has done here what she did in her play about Will Shakespeare some seasons ago. There is a certain mothering of the artist that is only offensive. It is offensive because we get the sense that this understanding female principle (or whatever you want to call it) in its self-assurance, trivial and novelistic, misses entirely in the poet what is masculine, blindly soaring and creative. Meanwhile it records, with external self-complacency, only the mediocre banality of such solitude and inspiration as, so far as the author comprehends it, could be soothed with a sandwich and a sympathetic pat on the hand. This, precisely, is what reduces such a play about a poet as "Come of Age" to unimportance. But the idea is good, good enough, in fact, to have scared Strindberg and many another great dramatist into terror at the attempt. But with Miss Dane it is different: "the attempt, and not the deed, confounds us."

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Figures in a Crowd

I HAVE a special reason for wanting to write about "Yesterday's Burdens"[1]—something outside of its being a fine novel, which ought to be reason enough. But it isn't exactly a novel, the author explains. "Perhaps one might better describe it as a long essay discussing a novel that I might possibly write, with fragments of the narrative inserted here and there by way of illustration or example. Or—again one might say—the attempt is to make it as nearly as possible a true example of the *roman vécu*," the story that has been lived. There is to be "nothing in it that I myself have not seen, heard, felt—or seen or felt in some other so vividly as almost to make the experience my own." It will belong, in other words, to a type of writing rare in English, the lyrical novel, in which the plot is molded into a form imposed by the emotions of the narrator, and these in turn are bathed in the perfume of the past. But—

> The plot, of course, is the difficulty. You know my idea about plots—pick a good lively one and then forget about it. In this case, though, I don't think that formula would work. I have this young man, Henderson, and the process would seem to be to take him to the city and there lose him, as thoroughly as possible. Or at least to reverse the usual method, and instead of seeking to individualize him and pin him down to a story, to generalize more and more about him—to let him become like the figures in a crowd, and the crowd dispersing.
>
> But isn't that, after all, the authentic thing—the thing that happens to all of us nowadays, and to all our friends?

This young man, Henderson, is the sort that is to be seen "in the apartments of the more recherché commercial artists; of writers who are either just going to, or just returning from, Hollywood; of stockbrokers who collect, with a tempered enthusiasm, lalique glass and finance, every second year or so, an unsuccessful musical comedy. He is poised, alert, insouciant; he goes well with modernique furniture"; and Henderson is uneasy, dissatisfied with life, with himself. He gets involved in a half-hearted adultery, his wife goes to Paris for a divorce, his mistress leaves him, and perhaps he commits suicide—but the author isn't certain; it might be that Henderson merely lost himself in the crowd. This is the simple plot, and it is handled in an ingenious fashion. Incidents present themselves like themes in a symphony: they are first suggested, then amplified, then restated in a different context. There are episodes, too, so real or typical that they have an independent value, like the story of how Mrs. Henderson wasn't seduced in Paris; and there are technical experiments which, though sometimes unsuccessful, are always lively and appealing. Over the whole broods a curious nostalgia, not as if the author regretted these lost yesterdays, but as if he was trying to summon them up, to gather together the throng of them in order to tell them goodbye, so long—and to what, you wonder, will he now be saying hello?

But it is the last sentence of the long quotation that explains my special interest in the book. Robert Coates, writing in a quick, ingratiating style about the things he has heard, felt, seen, is also writing about what happens "to all of us nowadays, and to all our friends." He doesn't mean all Americans, or even all New Yorkers. His first-person plural applies to a much smaller class; and this class happens to include the category of writers and artists whose story I have been presenting in several essays written for The New Republic. "Yesterday's Burdens" answers a question about them that my chapters merely suggested.

The process I was describing in these essays first impressed me as being geographical. A whole generation of American writers—and how many others, architects, doctors, painters, bond salesmen, professors and their wives, all the more studious and impressionable section of the middle-class youth—had been uprooted, schooled away, almost wrenched away, I said, from their attachment to any locality or local tradition. For years the process continued, through school and college and the War; always they were moving farther from home. At last hundreds and thousands of them became veritable exiles, living in Paris or the south of France and adhering to a theory of art which held that the creative artist is absolutely independent of all localities, nations or classes. But most of them didn't remain exiled forever. Sooner or later they came straggling back to New York, even though they came there as aliens, still wrapped in ideas that were foreign to the life they must live. . . . And what happened then?

This is the question to which "Yesterday's Burdens" gives a partial answer. What happened was that the geographical process of exile-and-return became temporarily confused. The lives of the former expatriates lost their individual outlines. They disappeared into a crowd, like Henderson; they merged themselves with the life of a whole new class in American society.

New York was beginning to have multitudes of people like themselves. As American business entered the boom era, it needed more and more propagandists to help in the increasingly difficult task of selling more commodities each year to families that were given no higher wages to buy them with, and therefore had to be tempted with all the devices of art, literature and science into bartering their future earnings for an automobile or a bedroom suite. Business needed public-relations counselors, it needed advertising artists and copywriters, it needed romancers to fill the pages of the magazines in which its products were advertised and illustrators to make the romance visible (and psychologists to explain how the whole process could be intensified); it needed stylists, designers, editors, and all these professions came flocking toward Manhattan. Soon it became evident that all the younger members of this class had had about the same experiences, the Middle Western background, the year in the army if they were men, the unhappy love affair that took its place if they were women, the long voyage to France; and it was evident, too, that most of them were lost in their new environment and unhappy.

This was the class to which Henderson belonged. All its members were individualists by theory, yet they lived the life of their caste as rigidly as Prussian officers; they had to cultivate meaningless affectations and real vices in order to possess even the appearance of individuality. They were figures in a crowd, and the crowd dispersing. "All of

[1] Yesterday's Burdens, by Robert M. Coates. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

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them," Coates says, "have Watkins, Algonquin or Stuyvesant numbers and live in the Village. . . . I know so well what they are doing. There will be greetings and ringings of the telephone, cocktails will be poured and drunk, cigarettes held in nervous fingers. Toward eight o'clock or later, women will be crowding before the mirror in the bathroom, men will be hunting out overcoats from the tangle of clothes on the bed in the alcove and shoving their arms into the sleeves. . . ."

All these people who, night after night, followed the same ritual, eating in good Italian restaurants, then playing ping-pong till perhaps two in the morning, while highballs stood on the mantelpiece—all these people were living by day a series of contradictions. They prided themselves chiefly on their professional competence, their skill with words or lines or colors, their ability to gauge the public taste, and yet their skill was devoted to purposes in which none of them believed. Their function as a class was to be the guardians of intellectual things, and yet they were acting as propagandists for a way of life in which the intellect played a minor part. They were selling their talents, often at a stiff price, and yet they didn't know what to do with the money they received, except spend it for automobiles and drinks and bedroom suites, just like the gulled public for which they were writing and drawing. They had satisfied a childhood ambition by moving to the metropolis and being more or less successful there, yet most of them wanted to be somewhere else: they wanted to leave it all and go back to something, perhaps to their childhoods.

Of course they couldn't go back: their own countrysides or Midwestern towns could offer no scope to their talents, no opportunity for earning the sort of livelihood to which they had grown accustomed. They were inexorably tied to New York—but perhaps they could make a compromise, could unite the advantages of two worlds by purchasing a farm somewhere within a hundred miles of Manhattan, by spending their summers in the country without separating themselves from their source of income in the city. About the year 1924, there began an exodus toward Connecticut, the Catskills and northern New Jersey; Robert Coates took part in it, as did dozens of others among the former expatriates. Soon the long process of exile-and-return was resumed in the form almost of a mass migration.

But the migration wasn't wholly successful, and for a reason which Coates partly explains. The passage occurs in the most engaging section of the book, in the midst of his long calendar of Connecticut days. "There is of course," he says, "the great problem of whether or not I belong here. On all sides one sees writers, painters, fashion designers buying acres of tillable land or pasture and dedicating them to the cultivation of sumac, goldenrod and blackberry brambles. Is it for revenge? . . . I sometimes feel a strange uneasiness: the trees look hostile, the very grass seems to regard me with a venomous air. I have bought these fields and doomed them to sterility. Can you tell me if there is anything in common law concerning the rights of the soil to expect careful husbandry on the part of its owner?" Perhaps such a law exists, though still unwritten; perhaps it levies its quiet penalties against the man who holds even stony acres without plowing them, or lives in a community without assuming any share in its life.

At any rate, the Connecticut migration failed to produce the great effects that were hoped of it. Some of the migrants managed to live in a more satisfactory fashion, having acquired a taste for gardening or fishing or even for local politics. The others were aliens in the countryside as they had been aliens in New York—and as they would have continued to be aliens even if they had gone back to their own villages to die in the very houses where they were born. For the sense of uneasiness and isolation from which they suffered was not the result of a merely geographical process and could not be cured merely by retracing their steps. They had been uprooted from something more than a birthplace, a county or a town. Their real exile was from society itself, from any society with purposes they could share, toward which they could honestly contribute and from which they could draw new strength.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Fun in Brazil

Brazilian Adventure, by Peter Fleming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 412 pages. $2.75.

MR. FLEMING threw up a literary editorship and joined an incredible expedition into the Brazilian interior mainly because he liked doing that sort of thing. When you are an expedition, though, you have to have an objective. So what Mr. Fleming was going to help do was map the Rio das Mortes. Also he was going to find out something about a Colonel Fawcett. Fawcett had disappeared seven years before on the trail of a city "of terrific antiquity" located high in a range of mountains long recognized by the cartographers—"those visionaries, those humorists"—as the Serra do Roncador. He vanished; he became a myth. Mr. Fleming sifted the facts, underwent severe loss of sweat and a series of hardships which he treats more lightly than I should, and got finally on the scene. That is, he got almost to where Fawcett had disappeared, but suddenly noticed that there was no Serra do Roncador anywhere—had never been any. This was discouraging. He turned back; he renounced the objective. On its arrival in Brazil, I had almost forgotten to say, his expedition did make one rather interesting discovery—adequate maps of the Rio das Mortes already existed to redundance.

This is not by any means all, but enough perhaps to tell you something of the book—that it is a book of travel not like any book of travel; that it is quite crazy and a delight to read. In a superficial sense it is a burlesque of all the solemn ritual dear to the exploring heart: "traveling steerage, and topees, and stockades, and husbanding every drop of the precious fluid, and planting the Union Jack, and going down with fever, and at the end of it all a sheaf of assagais over the sideboard and a slight limp." But it is not essentially so. I gather that the author has got as great a thirst upon him to be pushing into difficult spots and involving himself in fantastic matters as any adventurer canonized in the Sunday supplements. He simply has good critical sense and an eye peeled for the absurd. Explorers explore, he decides, "because they want to do it. It suits them; it is their cup of tea." Being lost in jungles, reaching or not reaching your objective, therefore, is not a pious business; it is having a good time. So he has a good time.

It may strike you that having a good time with the Spirit of Adventure could hardly be spread out over 400 pages without wearing a shade thin. And so it couldn't. The point is that for all his droll and at times rather glib comments, he will a tale unfold—incidentally he knows Shakespeare well; likes him—for all his understatement, he has had in this Brazilian episode some pretty convincing rough and tumble of his own. There were the elements,

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there were the natives of Brazil, there was Major Pingle. (Major Pingle commanded the expedition in some pomp, though with not a very good idea of where it was going always: a good part of the book is concerned with the undermining of his tottery leadership and a mocking race to beat him to the coast.) More, there were a drunken pilot of whom I became quite fond, and various others. Apart from the elements of conflict, there are all along the way traces of a sensitive observer, one very canny in the art of suggesting color and movement and (on occasion) mood. In short, there are innumerable things which have nothing to do with travesty, and which ultimately make the book something more permanent and satisfying than might at first be supposed.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

Far Eastern Farrago

Far Eastern Front, by Edgar Snow. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 336 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

Ways That Are Dark: The Truth About China, by Ralph Townsend. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 350 pages. $3.

Dangerous Thoughts on the Orient, by F. R. Eldridge. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 243 pages, illustrated. $2.50.

THESE are three of the most recent contributions to the voluminous literature inspired by the Sino-Japanese hostilities of the past two years. Mr. Snow is an American newspaper correspondent of over five (adventuresome) years' residence in the Orient. Mr. Townsend, until recently, was an American vice-consul at Shanghai and Foochow, first entering service in China in 1931. Mr. Eldridge, who at present is a university professor in New York City, spent many years, off and on, in various parts of the Orient both in the government's services and in private business.

"Far Eastern Front" is a lucid account of the Sino-Japanese hostilities from the time of the Mukden "incident" of September 18, 1931, to the signing of the Tangku armistice on May 31, 1933. Each sequence of the rapidly moving and shifting narrative is cleverly provided with a historical setting sufficient to give the reader his bearings.

Mr. Snow vividly relates how the Japanese in "self-defense" and within a few days seized the greater part of Manchuria. He tells of their ruthlessness and cunning in ousting Chang Hsueh-liang from power, and in replacing him with "bicycle-riding Henry Pu-yi," formerly Dragon Emperor of China's 400 millions, but now only a Japanese puppet. Mr. Snow's description of Japan's admittedly blundering attack at Shanghai is first rate. He modestly tells of his risky assignments as a "war" correspondent; and he paints colorful word pictures of the various generals, bandits, spies and officials whom he has interviewed.

In his final chapter, Mr. Snow suggests a possible solution for the "fundamental causes of all conflict in the Orient." The United States should employ its freeing of the Philippines as a lever to induce other Western powers to follow suit, after educating their colonies for self-government over a twenty or thirty-year period. This, he feels, might induce even Japan to withdraw from Manchukuo and possibly Korea. Readers are likely to join with Mr. Snow in questioning the present acceptability of such a "solution." The alternative, Mr. Snow predicts, will be Japan's further advance in Asia, a race among the Powers for military dominance of the Pacific, and later another world war to be fought this time on a "Far Eastern Front."

"Ways That Are Dark: The Truth About China" is an exceedingly well written and sensationally scathing exposé of present conditions in China as they appear to Mr. Townsend. The book is presented in the rather presumptuous hope that it might compel a wholesale revision of popular American sentiment toward China, a sentiment which the author feels is endangering our whole Far Eastern relations.

Most of the *facts* which Mr. Townsend presents are "true," but his selection, method of approach, inference and interpretation are such as to give a highly distorted picture of China. He makes many obviously untrue generalizations, such as "All words in China are meaningless," and, "About the only people doing anything in China are those doing harm"; and he apparently is uninformed concerning several events of which he writes, such as the Mukden "incident" of 1931, which "formally" marked the beginning of the Sino-Japanese informal war. And all too often, by failing to mention attending circumstances, he holds the Chinese up to unmerited censure. For example, he ridicules them for temporarily moving their capital during 1932, without suggesting that the presence of Japanese gunboats opposite Nanking may have provided the incentive. Even the value of much that is essentially sound is minimized by the excessive quantities of caustic which his easy pen squirts at almost every stroke.

Incidentally, Mr. Townsend advances no view of fundamental importance which has not already had considerable publicity in this country. And it is doubtful that America's policy in the Far East—properly open to criticism—would be any more intelligent than it now is if it were based on a widespread popular acceptance of Mr. Townsend's views. The book should be read not by those persons hoping to find in it the "truth" about China, but rather by those who want the extreme, Shanghai "die-hard's" view of it.

"Dangerous Thoughts on the Orient" is a hodge-podge of incoherent and largely irrelevant subject matter (the "Ancient Mariner" bobbing up here and there as a theme song!) which fails to convince the reader of Mr. Eldridge's chief contentions: that the "static" League of Nations cannot function in our "dynamic" society; that Japan was *economically* justified in her course of action in Asia, even though "she violated the letter and spirit" of her solemn international engagements; that the League of Nations is (or was?) attempting to induce America to apply sanctions against Japan; and that any ideas of calling Japan to account for her actions in China are "Dangerous Thoughts."

The book is full of absurd representations and naïve arguments, to wit: (1) "Truth, justice and impartiality have no place in its [the League's] considerations. It condemns with biased judges and without fair trial. It is ruled by opportunism rather than justice." (2) "No nation with the art that is Japan's can have the ruthless soul which her enemies claim Japan to possess. A people who can be stirred by the sentiment of a bird perched on a limb of a tree are not a bloodthirsty horde of freebooters intent upon ruling with the mailed fist." Another index of the merit of the book is the caliber of some of the questions which the author hurls at the reader. "What democratic Anglo-Saxon person does not really admire the 'It shall not be!' of a Mussolini, of a Hitler, or of a Stalin?" and "What American does not secretly wish to be like the Prince of Wales, or glory in the vicariously ritualistic regalia of his fraternal order?"

The book is to be recommended—let us say, to those Americans who "secretly wish to be like the Prince of Wales."

BEN DORFMAN.

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A Record of Birth Control

Birth Control in Practice, by Marie E. Kopp, Ph.D. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 290 pages. $3.75.

THE PUBLICATION of this book marks an important stage in the gradual transformation of birth control from a fanatically propagated cause to an established branch of medical science. Prepared under the supervision of an advisory committee of distinguished scientists, it is an exhaustive statistical study of ten thousand cases admitted to the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau in New York City from January, 1925, to July, 1929. Nothing previously published can compare with it either in volume of cases or in thoroughness of treatment. In fact, up to now clinical reports have consisted of slender pamphlets gotten out by the individual clinic and not readily available to the public. This, with a single exception, is the first book in which the general reader can find out how a birth-control clinic operates, what kind of women come to it, and what effect its advice has on them.

The severely statistical method employed in "Birth Control in Practice" may scare away the superficial reader, but it greatly enhances the value of the book to the serious student. The author is particularly to be commended for having utilized not only the part of the material at her disposal that is of immediate import for birth control, but all the available data susceptible of tabulation and analysis. Thus the book contains many tables that will be of value to research workers in medicine and sociology irrespective of their interest in birth control.

A section on "Sociologic and Economic Factors" shows that the women attending the clinic are in many respects a fairly representative sample of the population of New York City, the chief differences consisting in a somewhat lower economic level and a higher proportion of Jews than are found in the city at large. Sections on "Physical Factors" and "Medical Indications and Treatment" tabulate the sex and obstetrical histories of the patients, list the reasons for giving advice, and describe the contraceptive methods prescribed at the clinic.

The statistics dealing with the protection afforded by these methods will be of prime interest to many readers. The figure given for the degree of success among the 4,082 patients (incidentally, only two-fifths of the total) who reported that they were using the prescribed methods regularly is 93.3 percent, but this reviewer feels that the significance of this figure, as proof of the efficacy of the methods, is seriously to be questioned. Almost one-half of the women on whom this percentage was based had used the methods less than one year, and the case histories show that the interval between pregnancies for these women before coming to the clinic averaged well over two years; hence it is obvious that a majority of them would not have become pregnant within a year's time even if they had not used the clinical methods of contraception. Not until a later date, when it is possible to make a study covering a longer period of years, can this difficulty be wholly cleared up. It is also to be regretted that the complexity of the subject has sometimes resulted in a lack of clarity. For the layman, parts of the text make stiff reading.

Incidentally, this book contains much scientific information regarding contraceptives. Its appearance marks another step in the obsolescence of Anthony Comstock's laws against birth control.

ELIZABETH H. GARRETT.

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The Happy Diplomat

What Me Befell: The Reminiscences of J. J. Jusserand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 355 pages. $4.

FOR Jules Jusserand all things seemed to work together for good: a happy childhood, much fun, freedom and travel, a strong constitution, an active mind, early triumphs in scholarship, diplomacy and society, a continuous progress to bigger and better posts. A gentleman and a scholar—charming, tactful and witty—he was so well balanced that none of his interests interfered with any other. On the contrary, his ability inoffensively to know more about medieval literature than kings and to beat Presidents at tennis only contributed to his popularity among the officially great. He represented France with suavity and astuteness in London, Copenhagen and Washington in the era of world colonial expansion. He worked and played hard, was the friend of Gladstone, Morley, Roosevelt and Root. He was respected, liked, trusted, invited, honored—his life was brilliant. Like Kipling's hero, he liked it all—except the German Emperor, who was not only the villain of the piece, but so tactless that whereas Jusserand appropriately presented the White House with Houdon's bust of Washington, William sent to America busts of himself and Frederick the Great, which nobody wanted.

These reminiscences, which begin so delightfully, become a sort of morality play in which France and America are always high souled and noble, England just a little less so, but still rating high, and Tsarist Russia, France's great

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ally, has to be handled tenderly, though slightly deplored. The reminiscences break off suddenly in 1906—which was as far as the author had written at the time of his death last year—so we do not learn whether he ever saw any connection between the world convulsions of later years and the system of international relations in which he played so brilliant and enjoyable a part.

CLARA G. STILLMAN.

Books in Brief

BIOGRAPHY

DOCK WALLOPER, by Richard Butler and Joseph Driscoll. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 276 pages. $2.50.*

This is the story of a rugged individual. "Big Dick Butler" was born in London of Irish proletarian parents, and was brought to New York as a child. He battled his way from dock walloper —often with his fists—up to a position as labor leader among the longshoremen and a seat in the New York Assembly. He knows the inside story—so-called—of political graft and corruption, has had extensive acquaintanceships among political leaders and sportsmen, and was the man who kidnaped Harry Thaw from Matteawan. He also was involved in the longshoremen's strike along the New York docks just after the World War. His life, which a newspaper man helped him to write, makes an interesting and colorful story, in the course of which the reader gets a good many sidelights on labor in politics and labor racketeering.

THE FINISHED SCOUNDREL, by Royal Oman Shreve. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 319 pages. $3.*

The finished scoundrel of this book is General James Wilkinson, sometime commander of the United States army, but principally remembered for his association with Aaron Burr in the latter's Southwest adventure. Wilkinson served in the first American revolution with more disgrace than distinction, but this did not keep him from getting commissioned brigadier-general. Forced to resign when his first major attempt at double-dealing fell to pieces, he reëntered the army a short time later and moved westward to Kentucky. Various shady transactions soon made him a prosperous capitalist and, having an enormous talent for treason, he set about to make it pay. This most spectacular phase of his career, during which he was in the pay of the United States and Spain at the same time, ended with the trial of Aaron Burr. Burr crashed, but Wilkinson, by turning state's evidence, managed to be promoted to major-general. Mr. Shreve has written an interesting and capable book about him.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by J. Mills Whitham. *New York: The Viking Press. 420 pages. $3.75.*

This volume, a companion to the author's brilliant "Biographical History of the French Revolution," displays all the admirable qualities of the earlier work—wide knowledge, critical and sympathetic understanding, keen psychological insight, and the same highly colored style that drew such hearty encomiums from readers and critics. To the present reviewer, Mr. Whitham's impressionism is a fifth wheel—his vehicle runs well enough on the usual four. Each study is complete in itself, having a central historical fact or idea which is approached through the biography of a character concerned with it directly. The book contains skillful portrayals of such diverse movements and tendencies as the Salons (Madame Roland), Liberalism (Charlotte Corday), Conservatism (Mallet du Pan) and Socialism (Babeuf). It has been called "the panorama of an epoch," but this term applies more fittingly to the author's earlier work, where the character studies of major personages of the Revolution carry the story of the movement with them. But the technique, difficult at best, of combining biography with history is bound to break down when applied to secondary characters—in their case what biography gains, history must lose.

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Hitler's Germany

GERMANY—TWILIGHT OR NEW DAWN? Anonymous. *New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 226 pages. $2.*

When Alfred Rosenberg, their foreign expert, failed completely in his English mission, the Nazis discovered that they had aroused an antagonism that was all but universal in the English-speaking world. A complete change of propaganda tactics became necessary. This well written book attests the change. It is an apology for Nazism in the most reasonable tone imaginable. The excesses are deplored. It is denied that Nazism is a revival of Prussianism in its most hateful forms, as though any well informed person had maintained such a proposition. Nazism is declared to be aiming toward "a new society and a new faith." It is placing both capital and labor "under the stern authority of the state"; which reminds one of the words of Anatole France, that the law forbids the poor and the rich alike to sleep in alleyways and under bridges. If the Nazis "should succeed in overcoming class distinctions," one of the results would be the increase of "the competitive power of German industry" in world markets, because of "the existence of a working population content with low wages and long hours of labor." Such will be the industrial face of the "new society." What its political face is expected to be, we learn from the statements that "Germany's road to the East leads through Paris," and that "only reconciliation with France can break Germany's chains." In other words, the way is to be prepared for territorial expansion at the expense of the Soviet Union by coming to terms with France and her allies.

MODERN GERMANY: A Study of Conflicting Loyalties, by Paul Kosok. *The University of Chicago Press. 370 pages. $3.*

The German sociologist Müller-Lyer says in one of his books that, in its "moderate" form, the Marxian theory of economic determinism has become an axiom of all social science. Whatever the renowned sociologist may have meant by his "moderate" qualification, the present volume is an exemplification of his statement. By employing the Marxian method of analyzing a given society into its constituent social-economic classes, and deriving the state organization, the political parties, the conflicts of ideas and ideals from the conditions of existence and conflicts of the classes (without ignoring the effects of international reactions), it gives a most lucid exposition of present-day Germany, its bourgeoisie and its middle classes, its industrial and agricultural proletariat, its landed aristocracy and peasantry, the political parties, the administrative bureaucracy, the army, the schools, the church, etc. We also learn something of the historical process by which present-day Germany was formed, and of the class struggles which, for the time being, have culminated in the triumph of fascism.

World Politics

DEMOCRACY, DEBTS AND DISARMAMENT, by Walton Newbold. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 357 pages. $3.*

The title of this book gives no indication of the immense variety of questions upon which it touches, with more or less or no competence. The real theme is the world's present economic and political crisis. It evidently aims to envisage the national and class struggles in all their multifariousness. The canvas is vast, but the landscape and the figures are crowded and blurred, the general effect is fragmentary, occasionally fantastic. The proletariat hardly exists, its place being taken by socialist leaders and trade-union bureaucrats; but the conflicts between agriculturists, industrialists, merchants and bankers are clearly indicated. Economic intrigue, which certainly plays a considerable part in business and diplomacy, obscures or displaces economic determinism and its expression in class struggles. The author knows a great deal, but the reader soon begins to suspect him of telling more than he actually *knows*, yet of not telling all he knows. To appraise the book as a whole, with its strong and weak and erratic sides, is next to impossible, but we get some clue to it when we learn that the author comes of a family of wealthy industrialists; that he was a Communist M. P.; that he has maintained friendly relations with the leaders of the Labor party, past and present; that he is now the editor of The Social Democrat, organ of the most conservative socialist faction in Great Britain; and that in his frequent travels (the purpose of which is not divulged) he gets every possible courtesy, attention and aid from government officials and bankers.

Contributors

Frederick L. Schuman, assistant professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, is the author of "International Politics." He has recently returned from Germany.

Raphael Demos, the translator of the two poems by Constantine Cavafy in this issue, is an American born of Greek parents at Smyrna, Turkey. He contributes philosophical and literary articles to various magazines and is now lecturing and tutoring in Philosophy at Harvard University.

Constantine Cavafy is identified by the translator's note at the head of his poems.

Donald A. Laird is director of the Colgate Psychological Laboratory at Hamilton, New York. He is the author of the sections on fatigue in the "Cyclopedia of Medicine" and "Oxford Medicine." He has done consulting work on fatigue for the Order of Sleeping Car Conductors.

Quentin Pope is a New Zealand correspondent for The New York Times and The Chicago Tribune. He is the author of a novel, "Boy in the Dark," and of a social study of Australasian conditions, "Democracy in the South."

Paul Rosenfeld is the author, among other books, of "Musical Chronicle," "Port of New York" and "Men Seen." He is now lecturing on music and American art in and outside of New York City.

Otis C. Ferguson, a free-lance writer in New York City, contributes frequent reviews to magazines.

Ben Dorfman, at present living in New York City, is at work upon an economic study of Manchuria. He was attached to the Lytton Commission investigating political conditions in the Far East.

Elizabeth H. Garrett, formerly assistant editor of The Living Age, is the author of "Birth Control's Business Baby," published in The New Republic of January 17.

Clara G. Stillman is the author of "Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern."

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